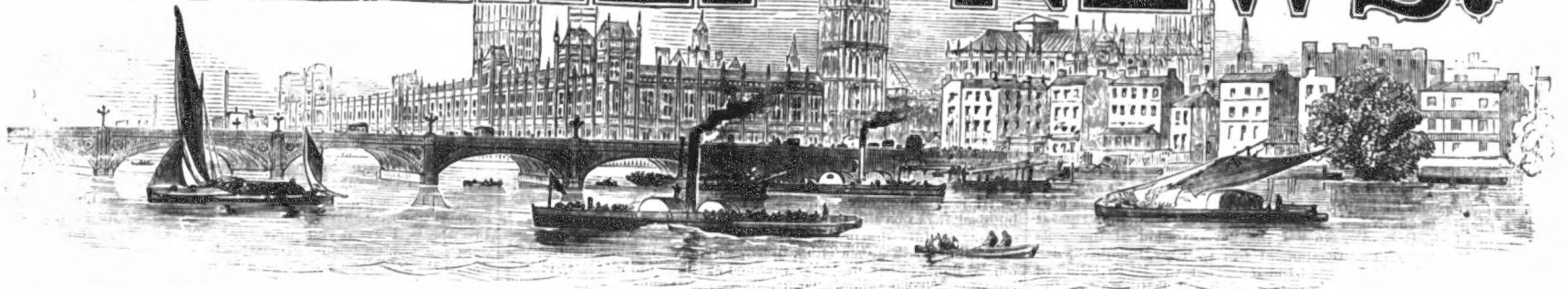


John Dick 315 Strand

PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.



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LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 15, 1863.

ONE PENNY.



THE DREADFUL RAILWAY ACCIDENT AND LOSS OF LIVES AT LYNN. (See page 135.)

Notes of the Week.

On Sunday morning, a few minutes before three o'clock, a fire took place, which it is feared will terminate with the loss of a mother (recently confined) and her newly-born child. The nurse attending the female in her accouchement died in the evening. The premises in which the fire began were in the occupation of Mr. Solomon Reuben, and were situated at No. 18, Herbert street, New North-road. It appears that Mrs. Reuben had recently given birth to a child, and during her confinement she had a woman named Mary Ann Stubbings to attend upon her. On Sunday morning, at the time before stated, Mrs. Reuben required something to be done, when the nurse unfortunately took the candle too near the bed, on the second-floor, when, from some cause, the bedding became immediately endroled in flames. Mrs. Reuben and her child were with difficulty extricated, but both were terribly burned. The nurse in her endeavours to get the fire extinguished was also severely burned, all three being immediately conveyed to the hospital. The engines of the parish and London brigade, with the Royal Society's escape, promptly attended, but considerable damage was done to the furniture and building. Mr. Reuben was insured in the Globe fire-office.

A rumour has been current in military circles that, in consequence of the menacing news recently received from America, the Government intend to despatch some additional troops to augment the forces already in British North America. The troops at present stationed in our North American dependencies include the 1st battalion of the Grenadier Guards, the 2nd battalion of the Scots Fusilier Guards, the 1st battalion of the 16th Regiment, the 4th battalion of the 60th Rifles, the 62nd Regiment, the 1st battalion of the Rifle Brigade, and the 10th battery of Royal Artillery, forming the garrison of Montreal; the 1st battalion of the 15th Regiment, and the 63rd Regiment, at New Brunswick; the 3rd battalion of the Military Train, the 15th battery of Royal Artillery, the 4th company of Royal Engineers, and the 2nd battalion of the 16th Regiment, at Nova Scotia; the 30th Regiment, at Toronto; and the 47th Regiment, at Kingston.

MR. FREDERICK WILLIAM SLADE, Q.C., died on Saturday night at the family mansion, Mamel-grange. The deceased baronet was sixty years of age, and leaves a numerous family to lament his loss, all of whom, with the exception of Lady Slade and his youngest son, were absent. His eldest son, Captain Frederick Slade, on whom the title devolves, arrived just too late to see his lamented father.

On Monday morning, about ten o'clock, a fire broke out in the premises of Messrs. Joseph Heap and Sons, sugar refiners and rice millers, in Beckwith-street, Park-lane, Liverpool. The flames quickly obtained great ascendancy, but when an adequate supply of water was forthcoming, which was the case in half an hour, the firemen, who were promptly in attendance, succeeded in getting the conflagration under control. The roof of one part of the rice-mill was burnt off, and three stories beneath were much damaged. The stock was removed with all the expedition possible, and in this manner the loss was greatly reduced.

EARLY on Sunday morning a fatal affray took place in Bissell-street, Birmingham, resulting in the death of Thomas Jefferson, a brass-founder, aged thirty-two. Within a few doors of the deceased's residence there lives a man named George Hignett, a tobacco man. He is very powerful and quarrelsome, and late on Saturday night and early on Sunday morning he was ill-using his wife in front of his house. The neighbours, hearing the screams, went to interfere, and, amongst others, Thomas Jefferson. Some altercation took place between Jefferson and Hignett, the latter telling the former that if he interfered he would "make it warm for him." Jefferson, however, approached Hignett, who ran into the house and returned with a poker, with which he struck Jefferson two or three times, once on the skull, felling him to the ground. On seeing Jefferson fall, Hignett went into the house and locked the door. Jefferson was carried to the Queen's Hospital, where he was attended by Mr. J. St. S. Wilders, the house surgeon, but he died soon after his admission. On the police obtaining admission to Hignett's house they found him in bed, and on being told the nature of the charge he said, "Well, he should not interfere with me when I have been drinking." The accused is in custody. Deceased leaves a widow and three children.

THE EARTHQUAKE AT MANILLA.

MANILLA was visited by a terrible earthquake on the 3rd of June, and many accounts are given of the dreadful disaster, all of which agree in the magnitude of the damage done. One account says that half the place is in ruins, and that what remains standing is in such a state that the greatest part of the buildings will have to be pulled down. Loss of life had been great, and many people were wounded. Business was entirely paralyzed.

The following is from the *Straits Times Overland Mail* of the 21st of June:—"On the 3rd inst., at half past seven in the evening, a circumambient flame was seen to arise from the earth and gird the city of Manilla, the 'Beauteous Flower of the East,' as she is finely and poetically designated by her possessors, and at the same time a most terrific quaking of the earth took place. It lasted scarcely a minute, but in that short space nearly the whole of fair Manilla has been reduced to a heap of ruins. The abomination of desolation has taken possession of her palaces, her temples, and her dwelling-places, and death and destruction have ridden triumphantly over the land. We believe that upwards of 1,000 have been killed, and many thousands wounded, but it is impossible to say or to estimate. Scarcely an edifice has escaped without dead or wounded. The good priests, their choristers and sacristans, and the faithful who were hearing the vespers of Corpus Christi, have been nearly all buried and suffocated under the ruins of the cathedral and other churches. The only church that has escaped wholly is San Augustin, the same that withstood the tremendous shock of 1645. The palace, and nearly all the public and private as well as commercial edifices, have either been thrown down or shaken from their foundations. Thank God! not a single foreigner has been killed, but two, we hear, have been seriously hurt, though not dangerously. The Rodriguez property, left to the British nation, and where the British consulate was, has been entirely destroyed, and is nothing but a mass of ruins. We must felicitate Spain on the conduct of her subjects here of all classes during this great and sudden trial. They acted admirably. The governor-general and the archbishop set a brilliant example, which has been copied nearly by all, of calmness, fortitude, resignation, and energetic sympathy. The city is deserted nearly, for the edifices threaten to fall suddenly, and there may be (though heaven forbid it) a repetition. Before the earthquake took place sulphurous odours were perceived, rumbling like the firing of ordnance, and then like the approach of an immense locomotive and train. The flame that surrounded the city was seen from the bay to ascend towards the sky; and another, a tripled snake one, came from the land over the water to the shipping, and threw them up at least two or three feet; while on shore the earth has everywhere sunk at least two feet. God help us! we are all sick and nervous, and require all our faith and confidence to sustain us."

HEALTHY, WEALTHY, AND HAPPY.—The best way of living out this good old maxim is to take care that all the Bread, Puddings, and Pastry consumed by you are made with BOWWICK'S BAKING POWDER, as directed by the Queen's private baker; by so doing you will avoid suffering from indigestion, and greatly economise your household expenditure.—[Advertisement.]

Foreign News.

FRANCE.

It appears that the feeling in the German Rhine country is suspicious and unfriendly towards the French. It is related that when Marshal M'Mahon paid his visit to Strasburg, and a grand review was held there, an invitation to be present at the display and festival was sent to the Prussian and Baden officers in garrison at Kehl and Rastadt. This was a customary politeness, and up to that time had always been cordially responded to by the German officers, but on that occasion they thought it right to keep away. A few Baden officers were there in mufti; none of the Prussians came. On the same day the French pontoons threw a bridge across the Rhine in presence of the Duke of Magenta, who, as soon as it was complete, crossed it with his staff. It had always been the custom, even when a mere inspecting general did this, for the Baden garrison to be drawn up on the other side to receive him, the officer in command came to meet him, and the two staffs returned together into France. Marshal M'Mahon, it seems, found no such reception. On the German bank there were four soldiers, in uniform, and an ensign, who positively refused the marshal's invitation to a banquet which was to take place that night. M'Mahon did not set foot on German ground, but returned to the French side of the stream. Such are the signs of the times on the banks of the Rhine.

The *France* gives some details concerning the Russian fleet, which it admits to have made great progress since the Crimean war, but declares to be still quite unable to contend, with any chance of success, against the naval forces either of England or of France. According to these statistics, based, we may presume, on Russian official figures, that fleet was manned at the middle of last month by about 39,000 sailors, 3,000 officers of various grades, and 90 admirals and generals of marines. The fleet consists of 245 steam vessels of all sizes, and of 71 sailing vessels. But there seems a great inferiority, comparatively with England and France, in the classes of vessels which would be efficient in a naval combat on a large scale—the classes, that is to say, of ironclads and screw liners. The two ironclad frigates Russia possesses are not yet quite finished; one, the *Sebastopol*, is on the stocks at Cronstadt; the other has been built in England. There are three fast screw liners, one of 111 and two of 180 guns; six mixed screws of 74 and 81 guns; also ten fine fast screw frigates. France could bring into line ten ironclad frigates, 32 fast screw liners, 35 mixed screw liners—77 in all—against 13 similar vessels of which Russia at present disposes. Hence *La France* concludes that a naval war between Russia and France could be but of short duration, and supposes that, if hostilities commenced, Russia would, as in 1854, withdraw her squadrons to Cronstadt, and leave the Baltic and the Gulf of Finland free. France must then, it is opined, undertake the siege of Cronstadt—a gigantic operation, the difficulties of which the French writer sets far above those encountered in the siege of Sebastopol. The prospect is not inviting. But the reasoning is in view of a duel between France and Russia. Did the war become Continental, other means of getting at Russia would doubtless be found.

A letter from Vera Cruz says that the campaign in Mexico was carried on with great cruelty during its latter period. At first the French gave quarter to the wounded, but there having been frequent cases in which these, when their merciful conquerors had passed on, treacherously wounded them from behind, the Zouaves and other troops had for some months adopted the practice of killing all whom they found still breathing on the battle-field. The Mexican cavalry is described as invariably avoiding hand-to-hand conflicts, as contenting itself with firing its carbines at 200 paces, and flying when the French drew near. A horrible and scarcely credible tale is told of what occurred at the Penitentiary, at which building some of the hardest of the fighting took place. In the midst of the combat 300 of the besieged wished to capitulate. Their comrades, furious at what they considered treachery, handcuffed them, loaded them with chains, and shut them up in one of the vast halls of the edifice, spread it with straw, among which they strewed powder, and fastened, it is said, grenades to their hands. Then, when the French assaulted and took the place, the Mexicans, before escaping, set fire to the straw. A hideous spectacle presented itself to the victors, when, a few minutes later, they forced their way into the hall. Many of the unhappy wretches were literally blown to fragments by the explosion of the shells that had been so barbarously scattered among them.

RUSSIA.

The following is an extract from a letter from a traveller, dated Helsingfors, July 29:—

"If you were on this side the Baltic you would be surprised at seeing the magnitude of the preparations that are making here to resist a foreign invasion. Armaments of very great extent are going on, guns are being mounted even on batteries outside, though close to the city, and Russian troops arrive daily. Four thousand have been thrown into Sveaborg, and to-morrow 12,000 men, called the 3rd Grenadier Corps, are expected at Helsingfors. The Emperor is to come this day, and festive preparations are going forward to make his reception as warm as possible. The inhabitants are pleased at his having convoked the Diet, which had been a dead letter since 1809. The merchants who had a stock of flag bunting made a good thing of it, and have disposed of all, as every one is desirous of displaying from his house some flag or other on the occasion. The Emperor proceeds hence to Tavastehus in order to inspect the Finnish troops there, and on his return will pass in review the Russian troops at Helsingfors."

NEW ZEALAND.

The Maoris have been completely routed at Taranaki by General Cameron.

OXYGENATED WATER.—We have lately had brought to our notice this preparation, which is made by Mr. Barth, at his laboratory, 36, Long-acre. It is an invention of importance to the public but more especially its invalid portion. Mr. Barth, who has the credit of originating the manufacture, had to encounter some difficulty, before successfully combining water with the gas in question. The process is now carried out by first converting the liquid into steam, and then combining it with the oxygen gas. After the final manufacture the oxygenated water is placed in bottles. Desiring to prove the presence of the oxygen in the water, he placed in the upper portion of the bottle containing some oxygenated water, a red-hot charred stick, and the proof was instantly given by the intense flame presented. It is a tonic of the finest description, and unlike most remedial agents, causes no reaction after it is ceased to be taken. It is a well-known fact that the lungs first, and the stomach after, are influenced for good by the inhaling of pure air. The purity of atmospheric air is governed by the proportion of oxygen which it holds in combustion; and medical science has proved that it enters rapidly into the circulation of the blood, which becomes altered and vitalized by its influence. To our knowledge, the patent oxygenated water has been tried as a remedial agent for nervous complaints, and has been found highly beneficial. As a substitute for alcohol, it is of great service as a stimulant. And in a vast amount of cases, where carbonic acid or soda water is taken, it may be recommended as an important substitute.

The colonelcy of the 87th Regiment has been conferred upon Major-General Lord W. Paulet, C.B., commanding the south-west district.

MOURAVIEFF SHOWING MERCY.

A COMMUNICATION from Wilna in the *Czas* of Cracow has the following:—

"Out of derision, Mouravieff orders the gibbet to be unusually high, and at the foot a large hole is dug to receive priests and nobles." In spite of his revolting cynicism the executioner of Lithuania has met with a master who has made him recoil in alarm. A rich proprietor of Wiersupa, a suburb of this place, had refused the payment of a new tax, saying that Mouravieff would not dare to ask him for it personally. The pro-consul, to whom this refusal was reported, summoned the proprietor, M. Massalski, to appear before him. As a measure of precaution he was searched, and placed between four Cossacks, who were charged to closely watch all his movements. The following dialogue took place:—"Is it true that you boasted that you would shut my mouth?" "Boasted! No! No one boasts, except when he obtains a victory over a man, and you are not a man, Mouravieff, but a tiger!" "Insolent! Well, then, I, Mouravieff II, generalissimo in Lithuania of his Majesty's armies, summon Massalski to ——" "Do not finish the sentence. It is now twenty-two years ago that the same Mouravieff, of Wilna, arrived at Warsaw, leaving behind him a track of blood; that Mouravieff slept at the palace of the ancient King of Poland, but he was afraid ——" "You lie!" "He was afraid, I repeat, and I wish for no other proof than a certain writing ——" "Silence," cried the general, becoming as pale as death, "that writing ——" "It is in a safe place; but if I die by you, publicity will avenge me!" The Cossacks were about to rush on the audacious proprietor for daring thus to insult his excellency, but Mouravieff stopped them. "In order to prove to Poland," he said, "how unjust she is, I grant you your life! Our magnanimous Sovereign does not tax madmen. Depart—depart—leave—why do you not depart?" And the man was then let free, Mouravieff not having dared to demand from him the payment of the tax. Massalski has been much questioned as to the secret which had effectually closed the mouth of the executioner of Lithuania, but he remains inflexibly silent, and only answers that his property has been respected "by superior order."

FATAL GUN ACCIDENT.

A SAD catastrophe occurred on Thursday at Exeter, by which Martha Winsor, a tailoress, aged eighteen, lost her life. The deceased young woman was sitting at work at a table, in the house of her employer, Mrs. Brannam, 32, Codrington-street, when the son of that person, Abraham Brannam, a mason, eighteen years of age, came in to dinner. Presently, it appears, he took up a gun which was in the room, and was loaded and capped; but Brannam does not appear to have known the fact, for while he was handling it the charge exploded, and a quantity of small shot went through the deceased's head, entering at one ear and passing out at the other. The poor girl fell backward, and died almost immediately. A surgeon was in attendance at once, but his services were of course unavailing. The face and head of the deceased were terribly shattered, and every one on the spot was horror-stricken at the event. No one appeared more affected than the young man who had occasioned the fatality, who was shortly afterwards led away in the custody of the police. An inquest on the body of the deceased was held at the Windsor Castle Inn, Summerland-street, before the city coroner, in the afternoon of the day. The mother of the deceased, who resides in Russell-street, identified the body of her daughter. Having heard of the accident, she arrived at the house in time to see the deceased draw one breath and expire. The chief witness was Sarah Ann Brannam, with whom the deceased had slept the previous night. She was at work in the room where the disaster occurred, and Abraham Brannam was also there, and he gave an apple to deceased and to witness. A few minutes afterwards he rose from his seat, took a gun from the corner of the room, and began to rub it with his hands as if to clean it. Deceased then got up and went to a cupboard to take out an iron, and while she was doing so a dog came in. Abraham Brannam said to the dog, "Here, Charlie," and it ran behind the deceased girl and made a noise; at that moment the deceased stooped down, and the gun went off, and she fell backwards. Brannam caught hold of witness, and exclaimed, "She's dead, she's dead!" and ran out of the room screaming like a madman. The gun belonged to Mr. Thorn. It was used a few days ago. Witness did not know that it was loaded. There had been no ill-feeling between Brannam and deceased, and not five minutes before he had kissed deceased. Maria Shears gave evidence to the same effect, and John Harvey, a butcher, of St. Sidwell's, said that that morning he had met Brannam on Fore-street-hill, when he said he should go out shooting sparrows in the afternoon. Brannam expressed his regret at the occurrence, which, he said, was purely accidental.—*Western Morning News*.

THE BATHING ESTABLISHMENT AT BOULOGNE.

THIS establishment was recently opened, and created an immense amount of excitement. The morning was ushered in by cheerful sunny weather, contributing not a little to the pleasures of the day. Archery matches in the pretty gardens of the Society St. Sebastian occupied the time till two o'clock, when the distant sound of bugles, announcing the approach of the 8th battalion of Chasseurs, told us they were nearing the ground on which so many evolutions were to be given. The first order to bivouac (the men being in heavy marching order) was executed with astonishing rapidity—tents raised, fires lighted, cooking commenced and finished seemed the work of a few minutes only—followed by soldiers' games, including the tilting at a high-suspended cask full of water, to the coming delight of the juveniles and the unalloyed pleasure of the good-humoured men and officers, whose determination was to please themselves as well as the vast concourse of spectators. At six o'clock the great feature of the day, the banquet of the "Grand Etablissement du Balas," took place. The gorgeous hall, with its domed roof, its gigantic mirrors, its magnificent chandeliers, glancing with a thousand lights, its numerous brilliant accessories, and—what is of still greater value to the valetudinarian—its pretty gardens and fountains, and its unrivalled views of the unbounded ocean, wrapping its basement, creates for this stupendous building a *mise en scene* unmatched in Europe.

We must not omit to speak of the exterior promenades and embellishments—the extensive gardens, whose trees and shrubs are of too young a growth now to afford much shade from the sun.

Precisely at eleven o'clock, by arrangement, the fireworks, under the direction of the Emperor's artificer, began by a voluminous discharge of rockets, &c., in the midst of which was a grand and imposing allegorical piece, fifty feet high. Afterwards, when all was in momentary darkness, simultaneously the two long jetties, to their extreme length, and the adjoining cliffs on both sides, in an instant were all ablaze with coloured fire, changing alternately from blue and green to red. The effect was marvellously in keeping with the last scene of a pantomime, having the calm sea for a background, the moon at full, and the gay Etablissement and gardens thronged with life and brilliancy. Such ended an eventful day for Boulogne.

Taking into account its small extent as a provincial town, and its second-rate commerce, it may fairly be presumed that Boulogne possesses attractions to those seeking health or pleasure of no mean order, and as such is now without a rival on the Continent. A continuous succession of fetes, concerts, balls, pic-nics, and a hundred other amusements, not omitting the daily pilgrimages to the shrine of our Lady of Notre Dame, which lasts during the whole of the month of August, and the superb religious festivals and processions to come, will furnish entertainment for the thousands of visitors expected this season.

THE WAR IN AMERICA.

The peace movement in the Lincoln Cabinet is alluded to as follows in a letter from Washington to the *New York Herald*:

"The movement, under the leadership of Mr. Seward, having for its object the offer of liberal concessions to the insurgents and the ending of the present war, has received an impetus from the news which has just reached here from our foreign ministers in London and Paris. It is now admitted by the most sanguine members of the Administration that never were our foreign affairs in so menacing a state. England—so the official advice indicates—has determined to furnish the South with an iron-clad navy, including ships, guns, and seamen. It is equally certain that the Emperor of France has made up his mind definitely to interfere in our domestic affairs. It is true that at the date of the last advice from abroad, the impression was general in Europe that Lee would defeat Meade's army, Washington be captured, and Baltimore and Philadelphia seized, while the Northern States seemed apathetic, and indisposed to continue the war; but this condition of things only determined the English and French Governments to pursue a policy which they had all along been prepared to pursue, and which comported with their interests and sympathies. The changed condition of affairs, due to the fall of Vicksburg and Port Hudson, and the rebel defeat at Gettysburg, will not, it is believed, by the most sagacious of the friends of the Administration, alter the character of the action which France and England have finally determined to adopt. The appearance of a fleet of French vessels at New Orleans, to protect the interests of the Creole population at that point, and the sailing of a very large iron-clad fleet from the English ports, are certain to take place."

The *New York Herald* concludes a characteristic article against England and France as follows:

"In a word, then, it is our duty, as well as our interest, to attack England and France as soon as this war is concluded. The Southern people are equally incensed against Europe for holding out false and deceitful promises, not one of which has ever been fulfilled, and will gladly fight with us in such a cause. Thus all animosities between the North and South will be lost in the common interests and fortunes of such a conflict; all the social and political problems which threaten to perplex us will be easily solved; all the dangers of a too sudden recurrence to peace will be averted; our gallant soldiers and brave generals will be gloriously employed; the military and naval talent of our citizens, just beginning to show itself in numerous improvements in the method and the material of war, will be suitably developed, France will be driven out of Mexico, and England from Canada, and the United States, more powerful than ever before, will embrace this whole continent, and, like ancient Rome, practically rule the world."

The Baltimore correspondent of the *New York Herald*, writing on the 23rd of July, thus describes the situation:

"I have received to-day some news in regard to General Lee's army, which confirms the intelligence contained in my letter of July 21, and serves to develop a little more the designs of the rebel general. General Lee's army is still where I stated it to be in that letter—namely, near Winchester, with outposts towards Snicker's Gap, Ashby's Gap, and Chester's Gap, in the Blue Ridge. On all the three roads leading to these passes in the mountains there are detachments of rebel troops; but even their outposts do not come this side of the Shenandoah River. As the army correspondents of the *Herald* will inform you of the position of General Meade's army you will see at once that the opposing forces are in close proximity again; indeed there is nothing between them except the Shenandoah River and the Blue Ridge Mountains. And yet there will be no battle immediately or for some time to come. Why? Because General Lee does not wish to fight now, nor where he is at present, and it is beyond General Meade's power to bring on an engagement merely by advancing to the spot now occupied by General Lee. If the former should do so, the latter would immediately retreat to Staunton, and compel General Meade to follow him there. General Lee's expedition into Pennsylvania has cost him the loss of 30,000 men; but as he took every man of 90,000 with him, he has still 60,000 troops—to wit, Stuart's cavalry, 11,000; as General Gregg ascertained at Shepherdstown, on the 17th, where they constituted Lee's rear guard; Longstreet's corps and Ewell's corps, 18,000 each; and Hill's corps, 15,000. But these and 18,000 at Richmond and Petersburg, and at various other points on the peninsula constitute, as I have ascertained to-day, all the rebel troops in Virginia. In fact, the Confederacy never had so few troops in arms as at present. Their recent losses at Vicksburg and Port Hudson decimate their armies terribly. All the troops they can now muster consist of the 30,000 at Charleston, under General Beauregard; 10,000 at Mobile, 15,000 under Marmaduke and Price, 20,000 under General Johnston, fleeing before General Grant; 50,000 under General Bragg, retreating before General Rosecrans; the 90,000 in Virginia, mentioned above, and 25,000 at various detached points—in all only 240,000 troops. This is positively all the troops which the Confederate Government now has in arms, and all they can probably get for some months, except the few that will be returned to them in exchange. On the other hand, it is known at Richmond that the Union armies now number over 600,000 disciplined troops. It is owing to this state of facts that General Lee has received the orders under which he is now acting. His army, while it is the largest, the best organized, and the best disciplined in the South, is also the last hope of the Confederacy. As long as it remains intact, the rebels do not abandon the hope of still being victorious in the end; but, were any serious disaster to befall that army—were it to suffer, what it has not yet suffered, a crushing defeat—Richmond would fall, and their hopes of a separate and independent nationality would fade away. General Lee has reported to the War-office at Richmond that Meade's army is numerically superior to his, and that the Union army is composed now entirely of disciplined troops—evidently referring to the fact that Couch's levies of raw militia from Pennsylvania have left Meade's army, and are no longer acting with it. Consequently—so my information states—orders have been sent to General Lee not to fight Meade now, nor near his present position, but to manoeuvre in such a manner as to draw the Union army down towards Staunton or Gordonsville. By the time this is done, they hope to be able to reinforce General Lee to such an extent as to secure the defeat of Meade's army. It is certain that the rebels have no fears for the safety of Richmond so long as General Lee's army remains in existence, and undefeated. It is a fact that they have made that city inaccessible by water, so that it is out of the reach of our mortar fleets and gun-boats; and General Lee is charged with the duty of seeing that no hostile army approaches it from the north. The only thing they do dread is a well-organized peninsular campaign, and that they do fear. They cannot understand why it is that such a campaign has not been organized this summer, and they look for it yet. When it does come, if it does come, they look to the army and General Lee to defeat it."

REPULSE OF THE FEDERALS AT CHARLESTON.

The following are the details of the land attack upon Fort Wagner:

"Soon after four o'clock the firing from Fort Wagner ceased. It was then known that our brave fellows had succeeded in dismounting one gun, and it was also pretty well ascertained that another of the rebel pieces had burst. These facts led to the supposition that the enemy had evacuated the work, and it was determined to attempt its occupation. For this purpose two brigades, consisting of the 7th Connecticut Regiment, the 3rd New Hampshire, the 9th Maine, the 76th Pennsylvania, and the 48th New York, under Brigadier-General Strong, and the 7th New Hamp-

shire, 6th Connecticut, 62nd Ohio, 100th New York, and 54th Massachusetts (coloured), under Colonel Putnam, who had been under arms all day, screened from the enemy behind a range of sand-hills, in the rear of our works, were ordered forward. This was at dusk, and both brigades were formed in line on the beach, the regiment being disposed in columns expecting the coloured regiment, which, for some reason, was given the post of extreme honour and of danger in the advance and was drawn up in line of battle, exposing its full front to the enemy. This movement of the troops was observed by Sumter, and fire was at once opened upon them, happily without doing injury, as the shells went over the heads of the men. General Strong, who has so frequently since his arrival in this department braved death in its many forms of attack, was assigned to the command of the first brigade. Colonel Putnam, of the 7th New Hampshire, who, although of the regular army, and considered one of the best officers in the department, had never led his men into battle, nor been under fire, took command of the 2nd, and General Stevenson the 3rd, constituting the reserve. The 54th Massachusetts (coloured regiment), Colonel Shaw, was the advanced regiment in the first brigade; and the 2nd South Carolina (negro), Colonel Montgomery, was the last regiment of the reserve. The selection of the 45th Massachusetts to lead the charge was undoubtedly made on account of the good fighting qualities it had displayed a few days below on James Island. Just as darkness began to close in upon the scene of the a temoon and the evening General Strong rode to the front and ordered his brigade, consisting of the 5th Massachusetts, Colonel Shaw (coloured regiment); the 6th Connecticut, Colonel Chatfield; the 48th New York, Colonel Barton; the 3rd New Hampshire, Colonel Jackson; the 76th Pennsylvania, and the 9th Maine, Colonel Emery, to advance to the assault. At the instant the line was seen slowly advancing in the dusk towards the fort, and before a double quick had been ordered, a tremendous fire from the batteries on Fort Sumter, from the batteries on Cummings' Point, and from all the guns on Fort Wagner opened upon it. The guns from Wagner swept the beach and those from Sumter and Cummings' Point enfiladed it on the left. In the midst of this terrible shower of shot and shell they pushed their way, reached the fort; portions of the 54th Massachusetts, the 6th Connecticut, and 48th New York dashed through the ditches, gained the parapet, and engaged in a hand-to-hand fight with the enemy, and for nearly half an hour held their ground, and did not fall back until nearly every commissioned officer was shot down. As on the morning of the assault of the 11th instant, these brave men were exposed to a most galling fire of grape and canister, from howitzers raking the ditches from the bastions of the fort, from hand grenades, and from almost every other modern implement of warfare. The rebels fought with the utmost desperation, and so did the larger portion of General Strong's brigade, as long as there was an officer to command it. When the brigade made the assault, General Strong gallantly rode at its head. When it fell back, broken, torn, and bleeding, Major Plimpton, of the 3rd New Hampshire, was the highest commissioned officer to come and it. The first brigade, under the lead of General Putnam, failed to take the fort. It was now the turn of Colonel Putnam, commanding the second brigade, composed of the 7th New Hampshire, the 62nd Ohio, Colonel Steele; the 67th Ohio, Colonel Voorheis; and the 100th New York Colonel Janelz, to make the attempt. But, alas! the task was too much for him. Through the same terrible fire he led his men over, and into the fort, and for an hour held one-half of it, fighting every moment of that time with the utmost desperation, and, as with the first brigade, it was not until he himself fell killed, and nearly all his officers wounded, and no reinforcements arriving, that his men fell back, and the rebel shout and cheer of victory was heard above the roar of Sumter and the guns from Cummings' Point. In this second assault by General Putnam's brigade, Colonel Turner, of General Gillmore's staff, stood at the side of Colonel Putnam when he fell, and with his voice and sword urged on the thinned ranks to the final charge. But it was too late. The 3rd brigade General Stevenson's, was not on hand. It was madness for the 2nd to remain longer under so deadly a fire, and the thought of surrendering in a body to the enemy could not for a moment be entertained. To fight their way back to the entrenchments was all that could be done, and in this retreat many a poor fellow fell never to rise again. Without a doubt many of our men fell from our own fire. The darkness was so intense, the roar of artillery so loud, the flight of grape and canister shot so rapid and destructive, that it was absolutely impossible to preserve order in the ranks of individual companies, to say nothing of the regiments. More than half the time we were in the fort the fight was simply a hand-to-hand one, as the wounds received by many clearly indicate. Some had sword thrusts, some were hacked on the head, some were stabbed with bayonets, and a few were knocked down with the butt-ends of muskets, but recovered in time to get away with swollen heads. There was terrible fighting to get into the fort, and terrible fighting to get out of it. In this night assault, and from its commencement to its close, General Gillmore, his staff, and his volunteer aids, consisting of Colonel Littlefield, of the 4th South Carolina, and Majors Bannister and Steyer, of the paymaster's department, were constantly under fire and doing all in their power to sustain the courage of the troops and urge on reinforcements. All that human power could do to carry this formidable earthwork seems to have been done. No one would have imagined in the morning that so fierce a cannonade from both the navy and the batteries on shore could fail to destroy every bombproof the rebels had erected. But the moment our men touched the parapets of the fort, the rebels, 1,800 strong, streamed from their safe hiding-place, where they had been concealed during the day, and, fresh and strong, were prepared to drive us back."

PROCLAMATION BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES.

"Again do I call upon the people of the Confederacy—a people who believe that the Lord reigneth, and His over-ruling Providence ordereth all things—to unite in prayer and humble submission under His chastening hand, and beseech His favour on our suffering country. It is meet that when trials and reverses befall us we should seek to take home to our hearts and consciences the lessons which they teach, and profit by the self-examination for which they prepare us. Had not our success on land and sea made us self-confident and forgetful of our reliance on Him? Had not the love of lucre eaten like a gangrene into the very heart of the land, converting too many of us into worshippers of gain, them unmindful of their duty to their country, and rendering them to their fellow-men, and to their God? Who, then, will presume to complain that we have been chastised, or to despair of our just cause, and the protection of our Heavenly Father. Let us rather receive in humble thankfulness the lesson which He has taught us in our late reverses, devoutly acknowledging that to Him, and not to our own feeble arms, are due the honour and glory of victory; that from Him, in His paternal providence, come the anguish and sufferings of defeat, our humble supplications are due to His footstool. Now, therefore, I, Jefferson Davis, President of these Confederate States, do issue this, my proclamation, setting apart Friday, the 21st day of August ensuing, as a day of fasting, humiliation, and prayer; and I do hereby invite the people of the Confederate States to repair, on that day, to their respective places of public worship, and to unite in supplication for the favour and protection of that God who has hitherto conducted us safely through all the dangers that environed us. In faith whereof I have hereunto set my hand and the seal of the Confederate States, at Richmond, this 25th day of July, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three. By the President JEFFERSON DAVIS. P. BENJAMIN, Secretary of State

DESPERATE ATTEMPT AT MURDER BY A CONVICT.

At the Portsmouth Borough Police-court, James Kelly a convict belonging to the Portsmouth Convict Prison, whose countenance was of a most repulsive character, was charged with attempting to murder William Marshall, one of the assistant warders employed at that establishment.

The prosecutor (who had received injuries of a most frightful character) deposed that on the 21st of July last he was in charge of a party of fourteen convicts, of which the prisoner was one, employed in the coal arches in the dockyard. He observed the prisoner and another convict throwing water over each other, and on speaking to prisoner he went on with his work. About half-past five he gave the order for all the prisoners to knock off work, and to bring all the tools, consisting of hammers and scrapers, to the basket. While counting them he received a heavy blow on the left side of the head, which cut through his cap, and nearly knocked him senseless for a moment. On recovering he found he had received several other blows, and the forefinger of his right hand was nearly severed. He was covered with blood. One or two of the other convicts were struggling with the prisoner, who said, "Let me go, and I'll kill the ——" He found himself very weak, and was obliged to be supported to the infirmary by some of the other convicts. He was attended by Dr. Bowler, the surgeon of the prison, and had been confined to his bed for ten days. The prisoner cross-examined the witness with the view of showing that he had received some amount of provocation, but this was denied. The facts having been corroborated by the evidence of four other convicts, the prisoner was fully committed to take his trial for attempted murder. Throughout the proceedings he treated the matter with the greatest indifference and impudence, and left the dock laughing.

THE ABDUCTION AND CHILD MURDER AT ISLINGTON.

DR. LANKESTER, coroner for Central Middlesex, resumed and concluded, at the Florence Tavern, Florence-street, Upper-street, Islington, the inquiry respecting the death of Elizabeth Anne Hunter, aged nearly eight years, who was decoyed away and murdered on the night of Sunday, the 30th of March, 1862.

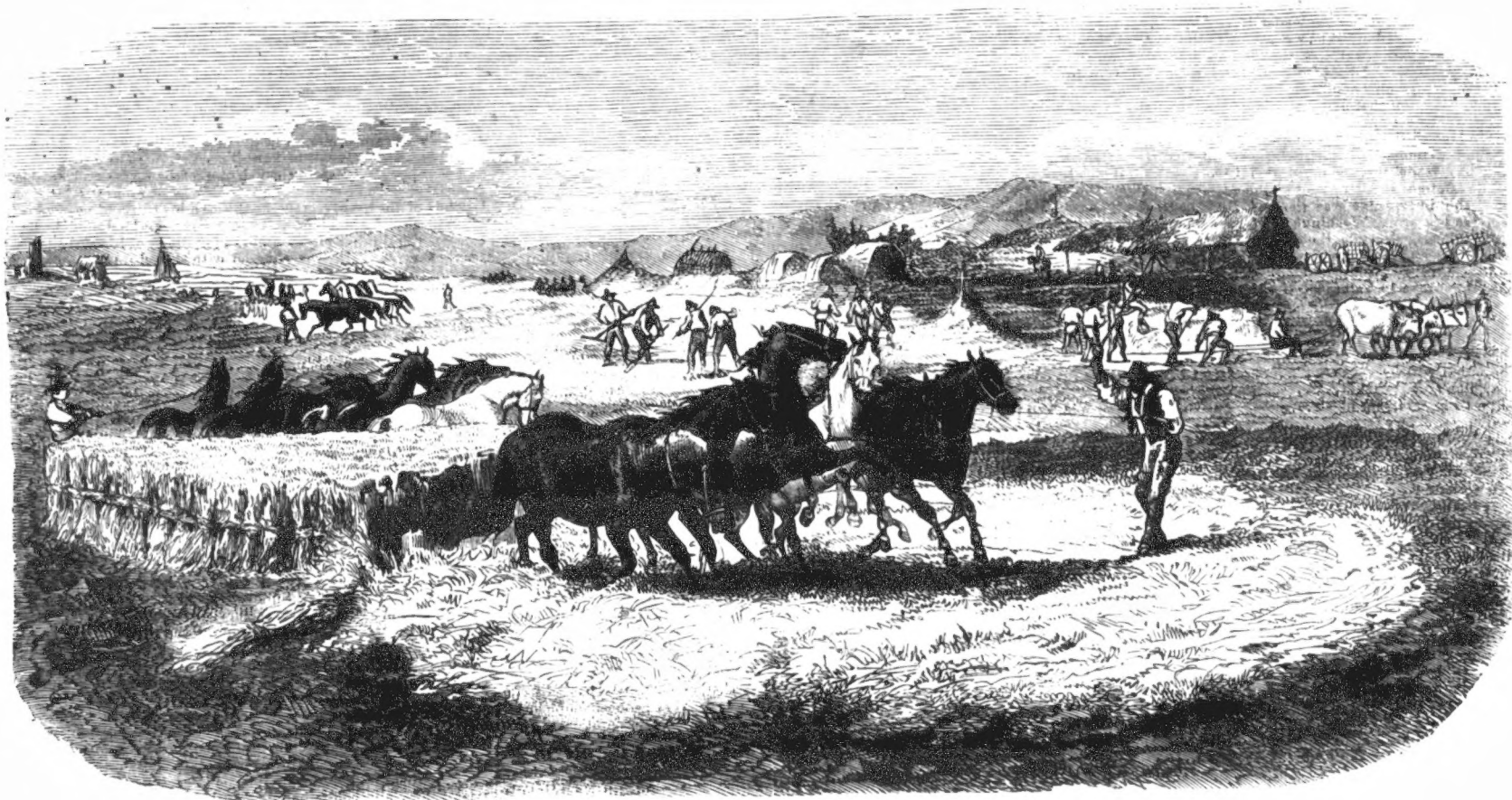
The Coroner addressed the jury, and said: You will recollect, gentlemen, that at the last sitting of the court a great number of witnesses were examined, but there was nothing at that time which seemed to enable you to return a verdict of a direct kind, and we accordingly adjourned for a fortnight to see if any evidence would be forthcoming that would connect Clarke, who was accused of the murder, with the crime of which he was charged. He was since brought up before the police-court, and the Government, after careful consideration of all the information obtainable, decided to abandon that charge against him. It is still open to you to see whether there is enough of evidence to enable you to send him for trial before another tribunal. With regard to the other offences with which he is now charged you have nothing to do except in so far as they show the character of the man and the consequent probability or otherwise of his being guilty in the present case. It is certainly a strong ground of suspicion against him, that he should twice have taken little girls into the same greenhouse, and that he should have placed a handkerchief over the face of one of them, for it was no doubt in that way Elizabeth Hunter met her death. She was taken into the greenhouse for the purpose of an indecent assault, most probably without any intention of committing a murder, and in the attempt to stifle her cries she was unintentionally deprived of life.

The court was then cleared, and after half an hour's deliberation the jury returned the following verdict:—"That on the 6th day of July the said Elizabeth Anne Hunter was found dead and her remains in an advanced state of decay, in Mitchell's nursery-ground, in William-street, New North-road, Islington, and the jurors say that the said Elizabeth Anne Hunter came by her death by violent means the nature of which there is no evidence to show, and the said jurors further say that the said Elizabeth Anne Hunter was maliciously murdered by some person or persons unknown."

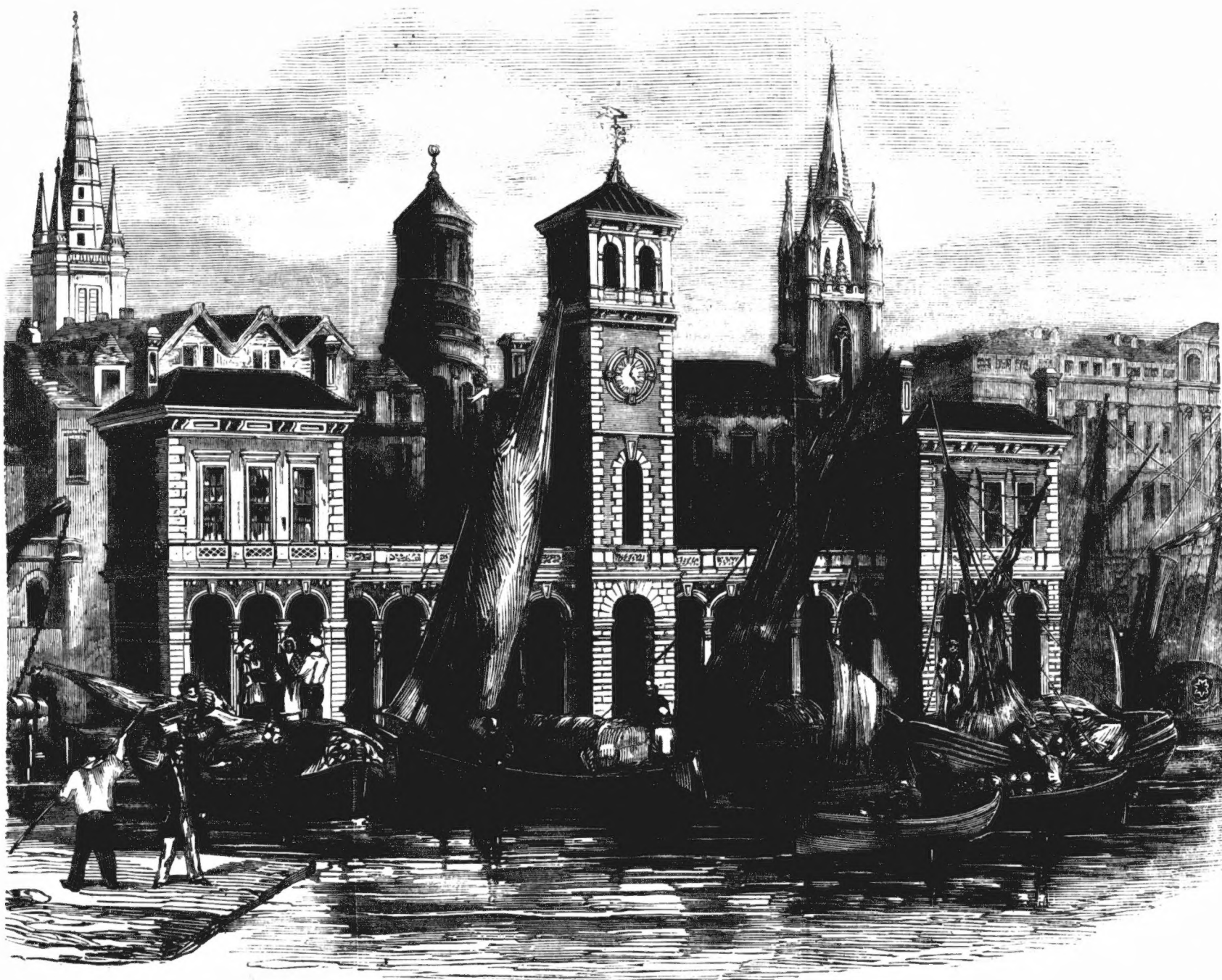
BARBAROUS TREATMENT OF A SERVANT.

At the Wellington Police-court, on Friday, a shocking case of barbarity was brought before Messrs. H. G. Moysey, T. E. Clarke, and E. Houlditch, discharging the county of Somerset. Superintendent Goldsmith, of the Somerset constabulary, charged Thomas Cork, a farmer, occupying Stancombe Farm, in the parish of Langford Budville, and his wife, with a series of aggravated assaults on the person of Sarah Webber, a woman between fifty and sixty years of age, and of weak intellect. The male prisoner pleaded "Guilty," the female "Not Guilty." From the evidence given it appeared that when the woman entered the service she was to receive £3 a year, but had only received 8s. after being there nine months. When able to do her work her master and mistress treated her with some consideration, but when she fell ill their conduct was marked with extreme brutality. On one occasion, when ill in bed, her master rubbed her nose and mouth in matter of a most offensive description. On one occasion, when ill, the master and mistress sent a man servant to her bedroom, who poured buckets of water over her whilst in bed. On another occasion her master tied her by the hands to a beam in a cheese-house, from whence she was ultimately released by a daughter of the defendants. On a third occasion, when she could not turn a cheese, her master threw p. of a bucket of water over her; and on another occasion, when she could not work, he kicked her brutally several times. The crowning act of all was committed by the female prisoner, who forced portions of a honeycomb containing bees into the poor creature's mouth, and revelled in the writhings of the sufferer as the bees stung her. The bench acquitted the female defendant, the evidence against her not being confirmed, and charitably believing that she acted under the influence of her husband. With regard to the male defendant, they expressed their horror of his barbarous conduct in the strongest possible terms. The chairman (Mr. Moysey) said the bench felt they should not be doing their duty towards the unfortunate creature who had been so brutally ill-treated or to the public if they did not visit the offence with condign punishment. It was not their intention to visit the offence with a pecuniary fine, but, in order to mark their sense of his atrocious conduct, they should order him to be imprisoned in the common goal for six calendar months, and during that time to be kept to hard labour. This announcement was received with loud applause, and had it not been for the protection of the police it is doubtful whether the defendant would have reached the goal alive, so inveterate were the people, especially the women, against him.—*Western Daily Press.*

A MODEL VOLUNTEER CORPS.—A correspondent (says the *Army and Navy Gazette*) directs our attention to a fact which is worthy of prominent mention as an example to all volunteer corps. The 27th Lancashire Rifle Volunteers were inspected on the 1st instant by Lieutenant-Colonel Bruce, and the muster on the occasion is an instance of what may be done by the zeal of all ranks. The 27th Lancashire corps consists of eight companies, and has an enrolled strength of 717 members. On the day of inspection thirty-four members obtained leave of absence on grounds previously submitted to the commanding officer. The remainder, 683 members, or over 95 per cent. of the enrolled strength, were all present under arms on parade, not a single officer non-commissioned officer or man being absent without leave. Indications of the zeal of the corps were given in other respects; for Lieutenant-Colonel Bruce, in addressing the regiment, spoke in the highest terms of its efficiency, and the excellent state of the arms, accoutrements, and clothing.



HORSES TREADING CORN IN THE ROMAN CAMPAGNA. (See page 140.)



BILLINGSGATE MARKET—OPENING OF THE OYSTER SEASON. (See page 135).

THE CAPTURE OF NANA SAHIB.

THE illustration, which is here given, is a portrait of Nana Sahib, Prince of Bitoor, as he appeared some ten years ago. When the recent Indian rebellion broke forth Nana Sahib at once joined it, but professed himself desirous of saving the lives of the English residents at Cawnpore. In an evil hour our countrymen trusted to his promises, and the consequence was that a fearful indiscriminate massacre of men, women, and children, ensued. Few natives had ever lived on terms of such close companionship with our countrymen in India as Nana Sahib, had so shared their common life, so assimilated himself with their habits and ideas. At Bitoor he for years kept open house to his English friends, with whom he could converse freely in their own language, and from whom he won a confidence rarely accorded to his creed and colour. There is a gentleman now in England who still possesses a ring which he received from this man as a pledge of friendship, on one side certainly sincere. The two have never met since the old fraternal days—on what terms do they stand now? When the rebellion was suppressed the Nana fled to Nepal, where he remained for some time in safety. It appears, however, that the wretch at last ventured into English territory and has been captured.

The following is an extract from a private letter, dated Neemuch, July 1:—

"An incident has just occurred of the greatest interest to us in India. We have every reason to hope that the arch-fiend, Nana Sahib, of Bitoor, is now a prisoner at Ajmere, under a guard of the old 28th, having been captured by Lieutenant Brodigan, of that regiment. Major Davidson, the commissioner at Ajmere, believes that he has the real Nana Sahib, in the Fort, under the 28th's bayonets. It appears that, on the 22nd June, a party of five travellers arrived at a temple near Ajmere, consisting of the Nana, and four others, two of whom were spies, and had managed to join the party, and conveyed information to Major Davidson. At night Brodigan, who has the detachment at Ajmere, Captain Glegson, and a sergeant of the 28th, went down, rushed in, and took the lot—Brodigan having the glory of capturing the arch ruffian. The evidence given by the informers seems most conclusive, and is corroborated by the *Gazette* descriptive returns of the Nana and followers furnished in 1857, so far as personal appearance goes. The mark of a wound from a lance in the foot has been looked for, and discovered, as well as a mark in the ear, where an ear-ring would seem to have been pulled through, making a regular slit down. Whilst travelling he was treated with the greatest respect by the rajahs, and was constantly receiving communications and messengers. His efforts to cause the Rajpootana States to rise against the handful of Europeans, the 'sons of burnt fathers,' though apparently unsuccessful, have occasioned great excitement. The Nana impressed upon them (according to the informers) the fact that the native troops at Nusseerabad would rise and join the moment an outbreak took place. At Nusseerabad two men regularly corresponded with the Nana, and lately one had a personal interview with him, who can be recognised by the informers, and it is confidently expected to get hold of both. The sergeant-major of Artillery from Nusseerabad was out here yesterday, and declared he knew the Nana immediately, having met him when quartered somewhere in Bengal. . . . The papers found in his possession in considerable quantity have not been translated yet. They are written in some up-country characters, not well understood here. . . . We hear that three more companies of the 28th have since been sent to Ajmere to guard the wretch."

A DUEL IN A BALLOON.

THE *Courrier des Etats Unis* is responsible for the following extraordinary story, which appears in its issue of the 18th of July:—

"Two aeronauts recently arrived at New York, Messrs. John Lewis, from England, and Tartefier, a native of Prussia met about three weeks ago at John Woods, where both intended to make public ascents, and at the end of a dispute produced by professional rivalry one of them gave a challenge to the other. The choice of weapons was debated for a long time; then after an animated discussion, a conclusion was come to which was generally considered a joke. It was agreed that the two champions should fight in balloons without parachutes, each one firing, not at the person, but the balloon of his adversary. Farther, as a pistol ball could not produce sufficient effect, it was decided that each should be armed with a blunderbuss, loaded with four grape-shot! As we have said the belief was that this affair was a pure comedy, or, as the Yankees say, a *humbug* inspired by the atmosphere of the country. It was, however, perfectly serious—so serious that the *dénouement* has just proved a veritable catastrophe. Thursday, last week, two balloons exactly alike, made at Boston, were taken out and inflated in a field near the village of Salisbury, on the frontier of Vermont, and each aeronaut took his place in the boat of his balloon. Four others had accompanied them to the ground, and shook hands with them cordially before their departure. At the agreed-on signal the ropes were cut, and the two aerial skiffs rose parallel to each other in a perfectly calm atmosphere. The balloons had been started at eighty-four paces distance from one another; the same distance was preserved till they had reached an elevation of 100 yards. A rocket was then let off as a signal at the starting-place, and a minute after a double report was heard in the air. One of the balloons continued its course majestically, and soon disappeared in a westerly direction. The other whirled round a moment and then

descended, slowly at first; but the rapidity of the fall constantly increasing, it ended by falling violently and heavily on the ground, like an inert mass. Mr. Lewis, who was found in the boat, was insensible, with an arm broken and his body dreadfully bruised, but there is yet some hope of his life being saved. As for M. Tartefier, no one knows what has become of him.

EXECUTIONS AT WARSAW.

A WARSAW letter in the *St. Petersburg News* gives the following details of the late executions which have taken place in the former city:—"Four insurgents have just been hanged here. Two of them were nobles, and the two others peasants. I reached the place of execution before eight o'clock. The people were proceeding in crowds towards the citadel, on the glacis of which the gallows had been erected. The crowd was preceded by Cossacks, armed with pikes, and by columns of infantry. I soon after saw two white figures dangling in the air; they were two of the prisoners dressed in shirts outside their clothes. The bodies, particularly one of them, continued to be convulsed for some time. The women wept. I did not see a single man shed a tear, but what an expression was conveyed in their countenances! Several took off their hats, and kept their eyes fixed on the ground. A short

CONSECRATION OF A NEW SYNAGOGUE AT DOVER.

On Monday, was consecrated, with all the rites and ceremonies of the Jewish faith, a new synagogue at Dover. It is in the Greek style of architecture, and is calculated for the accommodation of 250 persons. During the proceedings the building was crowded, many of the most esteemed Christian inhabitants of the town being present, watching with friendly interest an event of so much importance to their Jewish fellow-citizens. The order of service was directed by the Rev. the Chief Rabbi, Dr. Adler. The music was composed and arranged by Mr. J. L. Mombach, choir master to the great and branch synagogues. The ceremony of consecration, which to a great extent was of a choral character, may be thus briefly described:—The congregation being seated, the ladies in the gallery and the gentlemen in the aisle, with the reader and choristers in their raised pew or reading desk in the centre, the Chief Rabbi, dressed in his robes and cap of office, and accompanied by the wardens and other honorary officers of the congregation, brought the scrolls of the Law to the door of the synagogue, where, standing under a canopy, he exclaimed in Hebrew, "Open unto me the gates of righteousness; I will enter them, and praise the Lord!" The door being opened the Chief Rabbi entered, and the remainder, wearing scarves of white silk with blue ends

over their shoulders and bearing the scrolls in their arms, followed him, while the reader sang, "How goodly are thy tents, O Jacob; thy tabernacles, O Israel," &c. The procession then proceeded until it arrived at the Ark, during which the readers and choristers sang, "Blessed be he who cometh in the name of the Lord; we bless you from the house of the Lord," &c. The procession then walked round the synagogue seven times; during each circuit one of the following psalms was chanted by the reader and choristers, the bearers of the scrolls of the law being changed frequently during these circuits. During the first circuit was sung Psalm xxx, all in Hebrew. A psalm and song at the dedication of the house of David—"I will extol Thee, O Lord; for Thou hast lifted me up, and hast not made my foes to rejoice over me." During the second circuit, Psalm xlii—"To the chief musician, Maschil, for the sons of Korah, 'As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God.' During the third circuit—"O my God, my soul is cast down within me; therefore will I remember Thee from the land of Jordan, and of the Hermonites, from the Mizar." During the fourth circuit, Psalm xliii—"Judge me, O God, and plead my cause against an ungodly nation." During the fifth circuit, Psalm cxlii—"A Song of Degrees of David: 'I was glad when they said unto me, 'Let us go into the house of the Lord.' During the sixth circuit, Psalm c—"A Psalm of Praise: 'Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lauds. Serve the Lord with gladness: come before His presence with singing.' During the seventh circuit, Psalm cxlii—"A Psalm of David: 'The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein.' Each of the bearers in turn deposited his roll in the Ark, which was then closed by the Chief Rabbi, and the congregation took their seats. A sermon or address by the Chief Rabbi followed evincing that the Jewish members of the community daily appreciate the spirit of toleration which now prevails, and are second to none in their feelings of loyalty and attachment to the institutions of their native country. On the conclusion of the sermon a long appropriate ode, with chorus, was chanted by the reader and choir, after which a long list of subscriptions was read, and the ceremony was brought to a conclusion by chanting a prayer for the Queen and royal family. After the service an excellent collation was served in the Wellington Hall, at which a large number of the company were present.

SCANDAL AT LUCKNOW.

THE *Calcutta Englishman* tells the following story:—"During the late visit of the Maharajah Scindiah to Lucknow—where, by the way, he was received with full royal honours—his highness invited the English society of Lucknow to a large and sumptuous dinner party, which was given in the Chatter Munsil, and at which a large number of military officers were present. It appears that towards the termination of the entertainment two of these officers, young subalterns in her Majesty's British regiments, possibly elated with Scindiah's wine, and grateful for his generous hospitality, thought that they would make his highness some return by favouring him with an exhibition of 'the manners and customs of the English, at dinner,' in the nineteenth century; and they seem to have imagined that a display of athletic sports would, in all probability, be the most acceptable to the Maharajah, as an accompaniment to the banquet. Accordingly, to the surprise of all present, his highness included, they suddenly commenced their performance with what the French call *le boxe*, and went at it with a will; but it appears that the sport was not appreciated by the company, and least of all by the senior officers present, for they were at once placed in arrest and removed, and will be tried by court martial, and probably dismissed from the service of her Majesty. If the scene was as related to us, it is utterly disgraceful to the two officers concerned; but, unfortunately, its evil effects extend farther, and give the natives but a poor impression of our social manners. It is customary for native kings, and others of high rank, to exhibit combats of wild beasts as part of their entertainments and festivities; but this is the first time that we have ever heard of one having had an opportunity of boasting that a pugilistic encounter between two British officers had been included in the bill of fare and list of amusements provided for his guests."



NANA SAHIB, THE BUTCHER OF CAWNPORE.

time after I saw two other white forms, the assistant executioners leading them by the hand. The principal hangman was present, but he took no part in the affair. As soon as those two white figures reached the scaffold the ropes were placed round their necks, and the bench on which they were standing was drawn away from under their feet. The drums beat, and two other white figures were seen suspended in the air. They also appeared to suffer for some time before life was extinct. At length all was over, and four bodies appeared hanging in a line, and with their feet almost touching the ground."

DOUBLE MURDER AND SUICIDE.—A double murder followed by suicide took place in the night of the 23rd ult., in a village of the tribe of the Dragmenas, about thirty miles from Bona (Algeria). A farmer, named Said-ben-Belkassem, aged thirty-five, after having murdered his two wives, one aged thirty and the other twenty, on the pretext that they were unfaithful to him, discharged his gun at his own breast and killed himself on the spot.

The Court.

Her Majesty the Queen, accompanied by the Princess Helena and other members of the royal family, and attended by the ladies and gentlemen of the royal suite, arrived at the Windsor Station of the Great Western Railway at half-past one o'clock on Monday afternoon. The royal train was under the charge of Mr. Kelly, traffic superintendent from Basingstoke, and was received by Mr. Saunders, the secretary, and Mr. Matthews. Sir James Clark arrived at the same time, and Lady Augusta Bruce shortly afterwards.

On Tuesday afternoon the Queen, with the royal family, embarked at Woolwich for Germany. The embarkation was conducted with the strictest privacy.

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES IN SCOTLAND.

THE Prince and Princess of Wales left Perth on Saturday morning by special train instead of the midday mail, as previously arranged. The weather was so unfavourable in the morning that his royal highness felt that there was some risk of the journey to Abergeldie being made late, and having twenty miles to post after leaving the railway at Abeyne, an effort was made to anticipate the time of arrival and reach the castle by an early hour in the evening.

The train only made two stoppages, one at Forfar, and one at the Guthrie Junction, where the engine had to water, and arrived at Aberdeen at a quarter after two o'clock. The directors of the Scottish North-Eastern Railway had made arrangements for the accommodation of a large number of the principal inhabitants at the Ferry-hill Junction with the Deeside Railway, and the weather being now fine, the Prince and Princess were able to acknowledge the hearty welcome which was accorded to them by the Lord Provost and magistrates, the directors of the company, and a large concourse of spectators. The train then proceeded by the Deeside line, their royal highnesses being accompanied by the chairman and a deputation of the directors of the company to Banochory and Abeyne, reaching the terminus at about three o'clock. A platform had been erected at this station for the accommodation of a large number of visitors, and the station and grounds around were tastefully decorated. The journey had now to be performed by post, the Prince and Princess going forward in an open carriage and pair with postboy, and attired in the simplest and plainest style. They were everywhere enthusiastically cheered, and appeared in excellent health and spirits.

The first stage from Abeyne to Ballater was done in an hour, the drive being one of a somewhat dreary character; but at Ballater, where there was a change of horses, the scenery improves, and here preparations had been made to give the royal pair a right royal welcome. A triumphal arch, composed of heath and evergreens, was erected at the entrance of the pretty village. All the Farquharson clan, in the Highland garb, under their chief, Mr. Brown, were drawn up so as to line the square in front of Cook's splendid hotel, and presented a fine appearance. A detachment of the county police, under the care of Mr. Oran, were present to assist in keeping order, but although there was a very large attendance of people, the most perfect order prevailed, and as the royal carriage drew up the Prince and Princess were received with deafening cheers. For the first time in the Highlands the Princess was greeted by the music of the bagpipes, a fine stewart piper striking up the popular air, "Bonnie Laddie, Highland Laddie," when the cheering subsided. The Prince and Princess were much gratified by this demonstration, and remained with the carriage drawn up in front of the hotel for a few minutes. The weather was now dry and sunny, although for six hours and up to two o'clock it had rained in torrents.

The royal carriage now drove across the bridge of Ballater to the south side of the Dee, followed by the carriages of the suite, and drove up by Birk Hall, where the Prince resided last year, to the Castle of Abergeldie, where the Prince and Princess arrived at about half-past five o'clock. There were but few demonstrations of joyous feeling after leaving Ballater, it being felt to be desirable to introduce the Princess to her Highland home as quietly as possible.

The old Castle of Abergeldie stands on the margin of the Dee, about two miles to the eastward of Balmoral, and has for centuries been the seat of one of the branches of the Gordon family, so numerous in this part of the kingdom. The estate is situated between Balmoral and Birk Hall, and was leased for forty years by the late Prince Consort. It was the residence of her late Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, and was put into excellent order; but from its limited dimensions and inconvenient apartments is not so well adapted for the more extended appointments of the Prince and Princess of Wales. The grounds are tastefully laid out, and the walks through the fine birches by which the estate is covered extend to the policies of Balmoral, so that both castles are within walking distance of each other. The three estates constituting the royal demesne contain upwards of 35,000 imperial acres, and extend along the banks of the Dee eleven miles. All the varieties of game common to the Highlands are to be found upon them, and there is good fishing in the rivers. The improvements projected by the late Prince Consort have been carried out, and Balmoral now presents a greatly improved appearance. The home farm is in a very promising condition, and the new cottages with which the estate is dotted, give to the place an air of comfort which contrasts very strikingly with the mud huts and miserably-cultivated spots of land by which they were surrounded.

PRINCE ALFRED AS A NAVAL OFFICER.

On Thursday, observes the *United Service Gazette*, his Royal Highness Prince Alfred, a lieutenant of the royal navy, completed his nineteenth year, and the event was duly celebrated by royal salutes fired at the different seaports and garrison towns. It affords us much gratification to learn that the noble sailor prince has thoroughly identified himself with the naval service, attending to his duty on board ship with the zeal and sailor-like readiness and attention which mark young officers endeavouring to rise in the service by their own merit. While in the *Racoon* he has performed the regular duty of a lieutenant, keeping his watch and taking his fair share in every routine employment. For a time he will be removed from nautical service in order to attend upon the Queen during her Majesty's German tour, after which it is said, his royal highness will devote some time to the cultivation of civil learning; but we trust, and believe that the royal navy will ever remain the particular branch of the public service to which he will devote his attention, and we hope that in due time he may take a high rank and position in it, which will enable him to watch over and advance its best interests. A gratifying proof of the kindly feeling with which Prince Alfred regards his shipmates was afforded only a few days since, when he came across from Osborne to Portsmouth purposely to attend the funeral of a seaman gunner, William Keyer, who had been killed by a fall from the foretop of the *Racoon* on the 31st ult. Such a considerate and touching act of condescension will under his royal highness more than ever to his countrymen; and particularly to those who have served, and who may yet have the honour and pleasure to serve, under his command.

FOR EVERY HOME AN EXCELLENT SEWING AND EMBROIDERING MACHINE is the simplest, cheapest, and best, doing every variety of domestic and fancy work in a superior manner. Prospectus free. Whight and Mann, 143, Holborn Bars. Manufactory, Ipswich. [Advertisement.]

THE NEW AND ORIGINAL TALE

ENTITLED

WOMAN'S WORTH,

By ELIZA WINSTANLEY, illustrated in the first style of the art, commenced in No. 28 of

BOW BELLS,

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE OF GENERAL LITERATURE.

Our readers should make this known to those friends wishing to become subscribers. THE WHOLE OF THE BACK NUMBERS HAVE BEEN REPRINTED, AND MAY BE HAD.

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PRICE ONE PENNY.

London: J. Dicks, 313 Strand, and all booksellers.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

D.	D.	ANNIVERSARIES.	H. W.		L. B.
			A. M.	P. M.	
15	S	Sir Walter Scott born, 1771	2 53
16	S	1st Sunday after Trinity	3 22
17	M	Robert Blake died, 1657	3 52
18	T	Dr. Beattie died, 1803	4 73
19	W	Royal George sunk, 1782	4 56
20	T	Royal rises 4th. 53m Sets, 7th. 12m	5 14
21	F	Lady M. W. Montague died, 1762	5 51

MOON'S CHANGES.—Eased, First Quarter, 6h. 20m. a.m.

Sunday Lessons.

MORNING.

2 Kings 5; Acts 14.

EVENING.

2 Kings 9; 1 Peter 1.

NOTICE TO PUBLISHERS.

Publishers will much oblige by forwarding to us the titles of forthcoming publications; and any books they may wish noticed should be sent early in the week, addressed to the Editor of the "Penny Illustrated Weekly News," 313, Strand, London, when they will be noticed in our next.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*. All communications for the Editor must contain name and address. Rejected manuscripts will not be returned.

B. K. H.—A lawyer's consulting fee, either personally or by letter, is 5s. 8d. It would cost you about £10 to pass through the Bankruptcy Court, unless your case is a complicated one; and then you must employ counsel, which would be three or four guineas more. An ordinary case of divorce costs about £30. If you do not know a respectable London solicitor, we can recommend you to Mr. William Eaden, No. 10, Gray's Inn-square.

HENRY WOOD (Leicester).—The gentleman whom you name was formerly in partnership with the other person alluded to. The latter failed; the former did not. You have been totally misinformed on the subject, and your letter contains a gross libel on the first mentioned individual.

ELLEN D.—A woman, having been deserted by her husband seven years, marries again. The second marriage would not be a legal one if the first husband should turn up again; but the woman would not be punished for contracting the second marriage, if she really fancied that her former husband was dead. The first husband, on his return, could not claim the goods belonging to the second, unless the second husband was dead and had left the goods to the widow.

M. B.—The nominations of the competitive examinations for the Inland Revenue Office and the Customs are with the Prime Minister. The situations in the Post Office are in the gift of the Postmaster-General. Great interest with some ministerial member of Parliament or other influential personages obtain a nomination. The examinations vary according to the different departments. There are no clerks of the kind you mention in the Customs.

C. B.—You can obtain a divorce under the circumstances you named in your letter. It would cost about £30. Apply to Mr. William Eaden, solicitor, No. 10, Gray's Inn-square.

P. Q.—It is difficult for human beings not to respect wealth. We can very properly respect a huge pile of gold, or a colossal fortune, while we despise him who heaped it up in case he resorted to unfair and despicable expedients to accumulate it. Money is not, in itself, to be despised, but, on the contrary, it is to be regarded with esteem and high consideration, as one of the great powers—perhaps the greatest—of the earth.

N. J. L.—You can avail yourself of the new bankruptcy law. Employ an intelligent solicitor. See answer to C. B.

W. E. (Nantes).—We believe that there are such casts and models as you describe. Write to Mr. Benshaw, medical bookseller, Strand; or to Mr. Higley, Fleet-street.

H. Z.—Most decidedly: the plea of intoxication would not be taken in mitigation of the offence. The case is most serious.

R. C.—You have a claim to the property, being a lineal descendant of one of the original legatees.

A. NOVATY.—Mr. Wyatt, of Conduit-street, Regent-street, has introduced a new system of hair-brushing by means of mechanical power. This new mode of dressing the hair is extremely pleasant, and has the great advantage of entirely removing dandruff from the head. The saloons where his apparatus is fitted up are most tastefully decorated, and provided with every comfort.

BURNIAN.—"Claiming the benefit of the peerage according to the statutes," was demanding an exemption from certain penalties which the law in ordinary cases attached to particular offences. One shilling is charged for reading a will at Doctors' commons; the cost of the copy depends on the length; but it must be a tolerably long will that would cost £1 10s.

CYPRIAN (Chatham).—We have no means of ascertaining whether the regiment requires recruits or not. You are much too young.

ROMAN N.—The assignees could act as you describe.

THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 15, 1863.

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

A PARAGRAPH in the *France* newspaper says that the Archduke Maximilian has thanked their Majesties for their congratulations on his election to the Mexican throne. It may, therefore, be presumed that the Archduke has accepted the position which has been won for him by French arms, and that Mexico is now duly constituted an empire, with a ruler chosen from the most ancient and illustrious of imperial houses. There is something romantic and hardly in accordance with modern history in this event. It seems to belong rather to days before America itself was known, when kingdoms and duchies were the prize of strong-handed adventurers, and the vulgar herd of mankind were transferred by conquest as much as the cattle or the swine they tended. Universal suffrage and wars for an idea have carried us back to the early middle ages. Garibaldi dethrones the Bourbons with the crews of two little steamers, and now one of the most noble countries of the earth, inhabited by a people which has made revolutions and wars, and founded one of the great republics of the New World, is disposed of by an expeditionary corps from across the ocean, which has landed and fought its way like a company of Normans. Amid the convulsions of the time the occupation of Mexico and the establishment of monarchy have hardly made as great an impression as might have been expected. Both France and Austria

are intent rather on the crisis in Central Europe, and, with a possibility of war at their doors, have little time to think of revolutions afar off. And even America is so much engaged in its own fratricidal conflict that it has only some muttered discontent for this notable violation of the Monroe Doctrine. But the seating of an European prince on an American throne under the protection of French bayonets is an event the importance of which will become more and more conspicuous. Other matters which fill at present a larger space in the world's sight are but temporary; they will be settled, or will settle themselves, in no very long time. But the Austrian throne and the French army of occupation will be permanent elements in the politics of both hemispheres. The effect on international relations both on the continent of Europe and in America is likely to be remarkable. It may be summed up in a few words,—a tendency to union between France and Austria, and to division between France and the Federal Government of America.

THE destruction of our cotton industry has left half a million people without employment,—almost without prospects. These involuntary idlers are now casting about in all directions for new fields of labour, and they are attracted rather than deterred by the ideas of distance and transformation which a voyage to a fresh world involves. British Columbia offers, perhaps, as desirable prospects to the emigrant as any other new country in the world; but an operative of sense and intelligence will think twice, and weigh the qualifications of himself and his family very carefully, before he decides on facing difficulties and risks, even for the sake of the brilliant prospect of which there seems to be every reasonable promise. The colony offers, at all events, one great advantage. It possesses a remarkably salubrious and natural climate. The change from these islands to Vancouver involves no dangerous modification of everyday life. What England was 1,000 or 1,500 years ago British Columbia seems to be now. It is rude and uncultivated, but it is not unwholesome. Its principal attractions, however, will lie in the extraordinary promise of its gold and mineral mines. Labour of every sort which can be turned to account in mining operations commands the most extravagant wages. At the same time, it must be added that the cost of living in the mining districts is extremely high. A miner may earn £2 a day, but he will have to pay £1 a day for his board and lodging, and other necessities and comforts of life are proportionately expensive. It will be asked whether the towns or settlements do not offer some alternative avocations of a more acceptable kind. They do, but not to any great extent, or in any considerable variety. Good servants command excellent wages, and every kind of attendance or assistance is fairly remunerated. In fact, some miscellaneous and temporary trades have proved most profitable callings. When gold was first discovered in California, an adventurous university man betook himself among the earliest speculators to the new treasure-fields. He soon found that he had miscalculated his capacity for digging, but he had been one of the best oars in the college boat, and after a few weeks he drove a most lucrative trade as a ferryman between ships in the harbour and the shore. So, in British Columbia, emigrants have dropped from agriculturists to plemen, trappers, and hot coffee sellers, probably with much gain to themselves. Successful speculators, especially in gold, are a liberal lot. They pay well for timely accommodation. The most curious opportunities constantly occur in these accidental and irregular openings for ingenuity. Mining is always more or less of a lottery, and a man must expect sometimes to draw a blank, and then he may be forced to betake himself to some other employment. In these cases, too, results constantly occur which upset all calculations. The most unlikely succeed; the most likely fail. A new world brings a man out, as the saying goes, and shows, perhaps to his own surprise, what he has got in him. There are some men who have a knack of turning their hands to anything, and of hitting a chance where others would miss it. We must, however, remind the reader that these cases are exceptions. Versatility and adroitness may, indeed, serve a man's turn in a new country as well as muscles or money, but then they are almost as hard to find. The man who always contrives to light on his legs is no common character. For the majority of intending emigrants the rule, and not the exceptions, must be taken. That rule is plain enough. Carry with you strong arms, a willing mind, and moderate expectations, and you will do well. By and by, as the colony advances in prosperity, its requirements will be extended. The successful labourer becomes a proprietor, the proprietor an employer of labour, and perhaps of something better than labour. But clerks, secretaries, and tutors are only in demand when an accumulation of wealth has created luxurious households. The mistake of many of our emigrants is that they speculate on finding in a new country the wants of an old one. A new country wants labour, because it is still unpeopled, and capital, because there has been no time for the accumulation of surplus gains. It is plain that the mining districts of British Columbia offer ample opportunities for the employment of capital.

CANINE FIDELITY.—One day a man was taken to the Manchester Infirmary who had been run over by a heavy lorry in the streets. When examined it was found that a wheel had passed over his left thigh, which was terribly lacerated and crushed. He sank under the injuries in a short time, and his body was removed to the dead-house at the back of the infirmary. Next morning, to the surprise of the servants, it was found that a large Newfoundland dog was sitting watching by the side of the body. How the dog had traced his master is not known, but during the night he had leaped the high palisade which encloses the grounds of the infirmary, and the fragments of grass lying about the room expanded that he had got in through the window. It is only necessary to add that the faithful animal was allowed to keep guard so long as the body remained at the infirmary, and that it afterwards followed the remains to their last resting-place in the churchyard.

THE RECENT ROYAL VISIT TO HALIFAX.—Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales has presented to Mrs. Crossley, the Mayor of Halifax, a diamond bracelet, a souvenir of the Prince of Wales's very agreeable visit to Halifax. A letter, written by command of the Prince of Wales to Mr. Crossley, the Mayor of Halifax, expresses the high satisfaction of the Prince with his visit.

NO HOME COMPLETE WITHOUT A WILLCOX AND GIBBS SEWING MACHINE.—Simple, compact, efficient, durable and noiseless. Warranted to fulfil all the requirements of a perfect family machine. Prospectus free on application at No. 1, Ludgate-hill. [Advertisement.]

BILLINGSGATE MARKET.

"PLEASE to remember the grotto—only once a year!" This request has, during the last fortnight, been dinged into our ears at every street-corner, accompanied by the visible presence under our very nose of one of the shells of the savoury bivalves that every year at this period appear, to delight our appetite, on the suppers-table, and has thus made us aware of the fleeting of another year and the return of the oyster season. The view of Billingsgate given is, therefore, apropos, for to this celebrated fish-market the majority of oysters are brought, and thence dispersed throughout the length and breadth of the kingdom.

Billingsgate is stated to take its name from having been the gate of King Belin, a king of the Britons, about 400 A.D. But this rests upon no better authority than Geoffrey of Monmouth, and is doubted by Stow, who suggests that the gate was called from some owner named Belling, or Billing. Stow describes it as "a large water-gate, port, or harbour for ships and boats, commonly arriving there with fish, both fresh and salt, shell-fishes, salt, oranges, onions, and other fruits and roots, wheat, rye, and grain of divers sorts, for the service of the city." It has been a quay, if not a market, for nearly nine centuries—since the customs were paid here under Ethelred II, A.D. 979; and fishing-boats paid toll here, according to the laws of Athelstan, who died 940. Its present appropriation dates from 1639, when, by an Act of William II, it was made "a free and open market for all sorts of fish," and was fixed at the western extremity of the Custom House, on the northern bank of the Thames, a short distance below London-bridge.

The market, for many years, consisted of a collection of wooden pent-houses, rude sheds, and benches. It commenced at three o'clock in the summer, and five in the winter. In the latter season it was a strange scene, its large flaring oil-lamps showing a crowd struggling amidst a Babel din of vulgar tongues, such as rendered "Billingsgate" a by-word for low abuse: "obprobrious, foul-mouth language is called Billingsgate discourse" (Martin's Dictionary, 1754, second edit.). In Bailey's Dictionary we have "a Billingsgate, a scolding, impudent slut." Tom Brown gives a very coarse picture of her character; and Addison refers to "debates which frequently arise among the ladies of the British fishery." She wore a strong stuff-gown, tucked up, and showing a large quilted petticoat; her hair, cap, and bonnet flattened into a mass by carrying a basket upon her head; her coarse, cracked cry, and brawny limbs, and red, bloated face, completing a portrait of the "fish-lag" of other days.

Not only has the virago disappeared, but the market-place has been rebuilt, and its business regulated by the City authorities, with especial reference to the condition of the fish, and in 1849 was commenced the further extension of the market. There is no crowding, elbowing, screaming, or fighting, as heretofore. Coffee has greatly superseded spirits, and a more orderly scene of business can scarcely be imagined. The market is daily, except Sundays, at five A.M., summer and winter, announced by ringing a bell, the only relic of the olden rule. The fishing-vessels reach the quay during the night, and are moored alongside a floating wharf, which rises and falls with the tide. The oyster-boats are berthed by themselves, the name of the oyster cargo is painted upon a board, where they are measured out to purchasers. The other fish are carried ashore in baskets, and there sold, by Dutch auction, to fishmongers, whose carts are waiting in the adjoining streets. The wholesale market is now over; but there remain the *bummies*, who supply the costermongers, &c.

All fish is sold by tale, except oysters and shell-fish, which are sold by measure, and salmon by weight. In February and March, about thirty boxes of salmon, each one cwt., arrive at Billingsgate per day; the quantity gradually increases, until it amounts, in July and August, to 1,000 boxes (during one season it reached 2,500 tons); the fish being finest when it is lowest in price. Of lobsters, Mr. Yarell states a twelvemonth's supply to be 1,904,000; of turbot, 87,958. The speculation in lobsters is very great; in 1816, one Billingsgate salesman is known to have lost £1,200 per week, for six weeks, by lobsters! Periwinkles are shipped from Glasgow, fifty or sixty tons at a time, to Liverpool, and sent thence by railway to London, where better profits are obtained, even after paying so much sea and land carriage. Sometimes there is a marvellous glut of fish: thus, in two days, from ninety to 100 tons of plaice, soles, and sprats have been landed at Billingsgate, and sold at two and three lbs. a penny; soles, 2d.; large plaice, 1d. each.

A full season and scarce supply, however, occasionally raise the price enormously; as in the case of four guineas being paid for a lobster for sauce, which, being the only one in the market, was divided for two London epicures! During very rough weather, scarcely an oyster can be procured in the metropolis. In the height of the season, a fine oyster has been sold for a guinea and a half.

Mackerel were, in 1698, first allowed to be cried through the streets on a Sunday; but, by the 9 and 10 Victoria, passed August 3, 1816, the sale of mackerel on a Sunday was declared illegal.

A NEW WAR VESSEL.—A new war vessel is in course of construction at Cincinnati. This strange craft is known as "Elliot's War Turtle." It is shaped like a large punch-bowl, with the propeller in the form of a turbine wheel, placed at the bottom, and so arranged as to take water in through eight radial tubes, which may be opened or closed by valves, the said tubes connecting with the propeller and outer edge or hull of the vessel. The propeller passes the water downward from its cylinder and revolves always in the same direction, and when the vessel is to be moved forward in any direction one or more of the valves is opened, thereby relieving the pressure on that side, while the pressure still remains on the opposite side to propel the vessel. The turret is very similar in appearance to those on the monitors, but is built fixedly and firmly on the top of the vessel, and lined inside with heavy timber. It revolves with the boat by the action of the water upon the rudders placed in the mouth of the radial tubes. It mounts four guns.—*New York World.*

A MARVELLOUS BOY.—A letter from Naples states that a boy not more than ten years of age, named Giovanni Gargano, the son of an itinerant dealer in lemonade, has just exhibited before a Society for the Promotion of the Fine Arts at Naples, a group, executed in clay, representing a painting, the "Descent from the Cross," preserved in the Church of San Francisco di Paola, and much admired by artists. As the members of the society refused to believe the boy to be the author of this group, Gargano quietly asked for some clay, and immediately modelled, before the company, a copy of a statue which was in the room. The artists present, astonished at this precocity, immediately took measures for affording the child the means of cultivating his wonderful talent.

DEATH AT A MARRIAGE.—A melancholy case of sudden death occurred at Liege. At the moment when the marriage of Baron de Waha with Mlle de Hansee was about to be celebrated, the bridegroom's father, an ex-senator, was struck with apoplexy. A notary was immediately sent for, and M. de Waha was enabled to give his formal consent to the marriage, but soon after expired. The wedding party who had reached the Hotel de Ville before the melancholy event took place, at once returned home, the ceremony being postponed.

DESKETCHES FROM THE SOUTHERN ARMY.—The *Richmond Daily Dispatch* of July 18th says:—"Shameful!—General Jackson advertises in the *Mississippi* 241 members of the Fourth Mississippi Cavalry as having disgraced themselves by basely and cowardly deserting their post at a time when their services were most needed. Among them are eighteen non-commissioned officers and two lieutenants."

THE FEARFUL RAILWAY ACCIDENT IN NORFOLK.

The illustration in the front page represents the late fearful catastrophe on the Lynn and Hunstanton Railway, whereby six people lost their lives, and others were severely wounded. The origin of the accident, as explained in the last number of the *Penny Illustrated Weekly News*, was the fact of a bullock having strayed upon the rails.

The inquest on the bodies of John Laird, fifty-five, builder; Elizabeth Clark, seventy-three, of Guanoek-terrace; Mrs. Susan Clark, forty-five, of Brandon; Mrs. Brown, thirty-five, of London-road; and Miss Palmer, twenty-five, of Walpole, was held before T. M. Wilkin, Esq., coroner for Freebridge Lynn, and a highly respectable jury, at the Ship Inn, Gaywood, near Lynn.

Christopher Boyce said: I left Hunstanton at 7.45 on Monday. There were fourteen carriages attached to my train. It reached Lynn at 8.35. Nothing occurred to me during the journey. Between Wootton and Lynn I saw a bullock by the side of the rail. That was close by where the accident happened. It was on the left-hand side coming to Lynn. I saw it about thirty yards before I came up to it. I shut off the steam, and whistled. The bullock turned its head towards the fence, and walked off the line. It was my duty to convey to the coming train by means of signal that there was an obstruction on the line, but I had not time to do it, the other train following so quick. I could not see the other train, but I knew it was close on. When I got to Lynn I did not report it, because I saw no one to report it to. Dr. Kendall was on the engine with me from Hunstanton. He made a remark to the effect that an animal like that on the line would cause an accident to the other train. Notwithstanding that, I did not think it my duty to say anything to any one at the Lynn Station. The only person I could see was the ticket-collector and pointsman. It was an unusual thing to see a bullock on the line. I had seen two before near the same spot. I reported that to Mr. Kemp, the inspector over the plate-layers.

Pointon Jackson: I am an engine-driver in the employ of the Great Eastern Railway. I left Lynn in charge of the 5.30 train to Hunstanton. Left Hunstanton at eight o'clock with the excursion train. About a mile and a half from Wootton Station my attention was called to something on the line, which I found was a bullock. It was in the fourfoot, that is the space between the rails. He was about forty yards from the engine when I first saw him. I shut off steam, and the fireman applied the brake, and whistled for the guard. I whistled three times, that was his signal to put on the brake. I can't say whether he did so or not; the time was too short. I was on the bullock directly. The bullock was right in the centre of the rails when I struck him. When we struck the bullock it gave the engine a lift up. I felt a jerk directly, looked back, and saw carriages off the road, on the right side. I told the fireman to ease the brake off, to allow the engine and the remainder of the carriages to keep clear of the hinder ones. We next came to a stand, and I got off the engine and saw broken carriages. Three carriages were left affixed to the engine.

Rev. W. Haughton, rector of South Wootton: I live about nine hundred yards from the railway station. I have watched the line since its formation, and been anxious that it should succeed. The land between Lynn and Wootton, on both sides is very much used for grazing, and I have seen cattle on the line on one or two occasions, and driven them off it. I think the fence separating Mr. Bloomfield's land from the railway is perfectly inadequate to keep bullocks off the line. My attention had been repeatedly called to the state of the fence before the accident. As soon as it was put up I said it was a fence not efficient against stock. I did not complain to the company or its servants. I have been present when other persons complained of it.—Mr. Bloomfield, my son, Mr. R. Royston, and others. I was at Wootton Station when this train passed, and observed that it passed at a very rapid rate. I asked the station-master what rate. He said, "About forty miles an hour." In my judgment it was full that rate. I saw the previous train pass not more than eight minutes before at the outside. I went to examine the line after the accident. Through a hole which had been broke in the roof I saw the dead body of a young woman. The back of this carriage was broken. It appeared to be an old body put on a new carriage. The wood was very rotten. You could crumble it in your hand. The next carriage was a second-class, standing seven feet off the company's boundary. That is sound with few exceptions. I saw the dead bodies of these five unhappy persons. I was present, ready to give my assistance. I gave wine to all the wounded I saw. I should think the company's servants did all they could to mitigate their sufferings.

By Mr. Edwards: The carriage I have alluded to as rotten is still on the ground. At the end which was broken in when it was united to the platform it was rotten. I do not think this had anything to do with the accident. That portion has been taken away. (Sensation.)

Captain Tyler then presented the following report:—"I have inspected in the course of Saturday morning, and this morning, the fences on the Lynn and Hunstanton Railway, and also the carriages which were fractured on the 3rd of August last. I find that No. 51 is the third-class carriage standing in the yard at Lynn, which came in contact with a first-class carriage immediately in front of it, and that the carriage does not appear to have any decayed wood about it, although it is of weak construction. The front end and part of its left side were stove in, and many of the seats were displaced and broken. No. 279, third class carriage, which is on its side at the site of the accident, was next behind it in the train, and contains some wood in an advanced state of decay at each end under the body, resting on the buffer planks. The statements differ as to which of these carriages contained the greater number of deceased passengers, but I was myself more particularly struck with the condition of No. 51 carriage, and the way in which the carriage broke up with comparatively little injury to the stronger carriage in front of it with which it came in contact. The experience of railway accidents has amply shown that the most perilous cases are constantly unattended with loss of life, when, from the strength of the carriages on their position, the bodies of the carriages are not broken up; and that, on the other hand, it is when the bodies of the carriages give way that loss of life and serious injuries are caused to the passengers riding in them. The poorer classes of passengers are more liable to suffer in such cases for two reasons—first, they ride in carriages of weak construction; and second, because these carriages are not padded. It is true the carriages are built to run upon the rails, and are not intended to come into collision with one another; but they may be called upon to resist extraordinary strains at any moment, and when this test is brought to bear upon a train, the difference of strength in the carriages is frequently one of life and death to the passengers who ride in them. It may be well to observe that the axles of No. 51 carriage (the carriage first thrown off the line) are lower than those of the other carriages, and that this circumstance appears to have caused the carriage to run off the line. The engine passed over the bullock with no other injury than the fracture of one of the feed pipes and a bulge to the ashpan, and it remained between the wheels of the three first carriages as they passed over it. The two wheels of the fourth carriage appear to have struck it one after the other, and it afterwards got outside of the rails, as is evident from the marks on the remaining carriages. The fencing at the sides of the line consists in part of a post and rail fence, with four rails about 3ft. 6in. high, and with a small ditch to prevent cattle from rubbing against it; in other parts of a ditch from 4ft. 6in. to 1ft. wide, and from 2ft. to 5ft. 6in. deep, in some places dry, and in others containing water from a few inches to 3ft. deep. The ditch usually has a low rail on the inside of it, but in some places there is no rail

and in others there are two rails. The new fence which is being constructed by the company consists of seven wires supported on iron strong posts, and intermediate wood posts, and is an excellent one. The lowest part of the fence opposite Mr. Bloomfield's occupation appears to be 11ft. wide at the top, by 8ft. deep, with a rail 9ft. high on the inside. The sides of the ditch are not sufficiently clear or steep. The gate referred to by Mr. Royston as that over which a cow would jump is 8ft. 5in. high on the lowest part, measured on the outside, and the cow jumped slightly up hill. I consider myself, and it appears to be the opinion of the gentleman who accompanied me, that a ditch 10ft. or 12ft. wide and 4ft. deep with 2ft. of water in it, is a sufficient fence to keep sheep and cattle out. But when the ditch is dry and the sides in bad order, one low rail on the inside is not a sufficient protection. The ditches generally require clearing out; and where the water is low or the bank sloping extra protection is required. The present appears to be a very dry season, and the fences may be considered to be now at their worst. It appears to be only since the water in the ditches has fallen or has dried up that complaints have been made of cattle getting on the line, and it is probable that if the ditches had been deepened when these complaints were made no accident would have occurred. It would be a wise precaution now to adopt that measure, and to place men in the meantime in such positions on the line as are not sufficiently protected, especially during dark or after dark, to prevent the possibility of cattle straying upon the line at such places."

Mr. Edwards obtained permission of the coroner to address the jury. He went through the evidence, and expressed, on behalf of the company, the greatest regret at the accident, and the most profound commiseration with the sufferers. He called the attention of the jury particularly to the fact that the directors of the Hunstanton line were their own townsmen and neighbours, who had opened this line of railway, and afforded healthy recreation to hundreds and thousands. Monday last would be to them a fatal day for the rest of their lives, and he implored of the jury not to send them away from the court with the imputation of blood upon their hands.

The Coroner then summed up, and the jury retired at about a quarter to four o'clock, and returned the following verdict:—

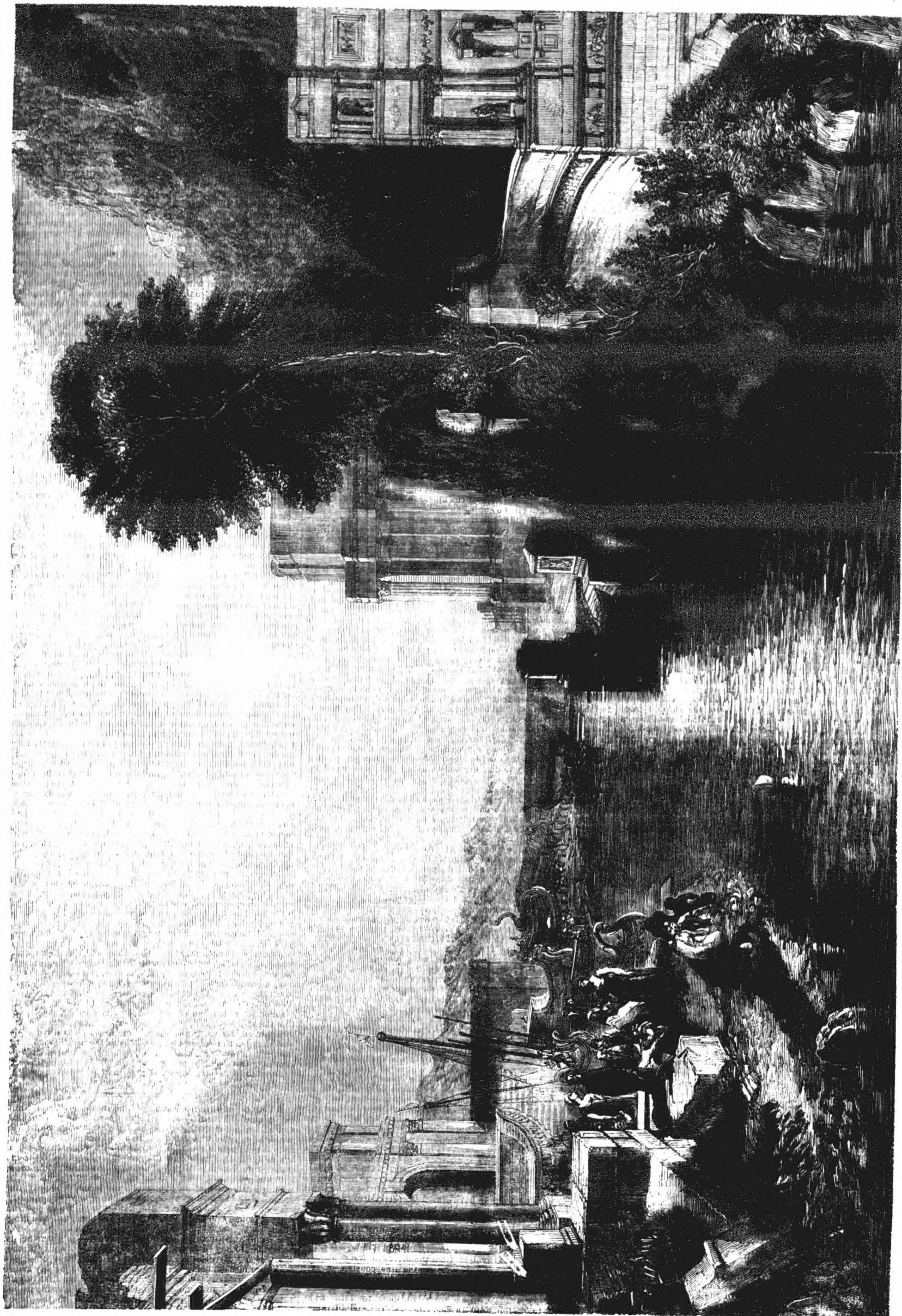
The jury find unhesitatingly a verdict of "Accidental death of five persons, caused by a bullock straying on the line through gross negligence of the authorities of the Great Eastern Railway and their officers—first, by not putting the fences into a state of safety; secondly, by not putting the bullock off the line where the accident occurred; thirdly, by the disgraceful state of the carriages used for the conveyance of the unfortunate persons; and at all considers the Government inspector deserving censure for passing a line so inadequately fenced."

ACCIDENT AT A REVIEW NEAR TEIGNMOUTH.

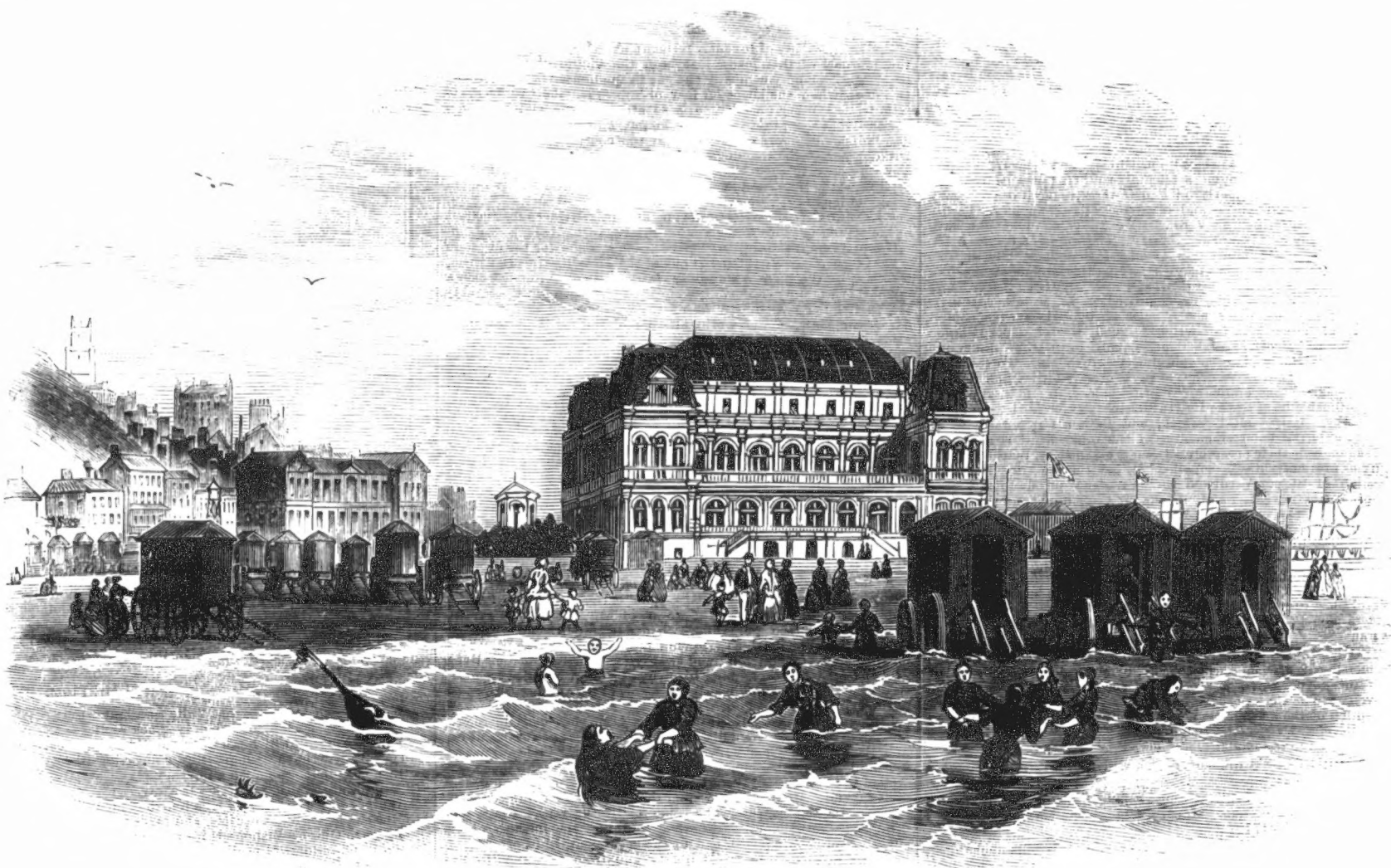
The following details are from the *Western Morning News*:—"Just after the last rank of the volunteers had passed the inspecting officer there arose a noise and a cry which sent a thrill of horror among the crowd. A glance in the direction of the grand stand, whence the crash proceeded, at once revealed the cause of alarm. The whole of the interior fittings of the stand, which was crowded with spectators, had suddenly given way, and appalling screams were raised by the unfortunate women who were buried in the debris. Everybody present rushed to the scene of the disaster, some to help and some to gratify their curiosity. For a few minutes it was supposed that several lives must have been lost, and intense excitement prevailed. Within the enclosure the scene was truly awful. Men stood appalled at the frantic cries proceeding from the ladies, who were seen jammed between or buried beneath the timbers. As soon as possible they were extricated, and a search commenced for those who were beneath. There were several surgeons on the spot, fortunately, who were ready to render assistance to the maimed, of whom, we regret to say, there were several; but, happily, no fatal result up to the time of our most recent information attended the accident. The under part of the stand was occupied by Mr. Gifford, of Exeter, for the sale of refreshments. When the floor of the stand gave way there were several persons beneath, among whom were Mrs. Gifford, a man who was assisting, and a female assistant named Mrs. Shute. As soon as the debris was partially removed, it was found that Mrs. Gifford was very severely injured, and that the man had sustained a severe fracture of the leg. Mrs. Shute was still more seriously hurt, and her face presented a most painful spectacle, not only from the discoloration of the skin, but also from cuts and bruises. It was at first thought that the unfortunate woman was dead; but having been removed on a shutter to the open ground, she received medical treatment, and soon recovered consciousness; although we are informed that the surgeon is doubtful whether she will survive the internal injuries which she has received. Mrs. Gifford and the man were removed to an ambulance under the care of Assistant-Surgeon May, 2nd Devon; and the more seriously injured were conveyed to the infirmary at Teignmouth. Among those who sustained minor injuries were—Mrs. Hayes and Miss Gliddon, of George-street, Devonport; Mr. Burt, watchmaker, Devonport, and Miss Vanstone; Mr. Picken, of Whimple-street; Mr. Shapcott, sailmaker, and several others whose names we could not ascertain. It was also asserted that a little boy had his leg broken, but we were unable to verify the rumour. For a long time after the sufferers had been extricated a scene of indescribable confusion prevailed in the stand, crowds rushing in to know the extent of the calamity, whilst others came in search of missing articles of jewellery and wearing apparel, of which there was a motley collection. These were heaped together by the police—hats, opera glasses, wigs, parasols, brooches, bonnets, &c., and some of the owners were obliged to go hatless away, in consequence of the very jealous care exercised by the officials. The cause of the accident was stated to be the very inefficient manner in which the edifice was constructed. Notwithstanding that the stand was full, the person in charge is said to have pressed others to ascend, until the weight was greater than the structure was intended to bear, and it gave way in the centre, the occupants falling together in a mass. The builders were Messrs. Stafford, of Exeter. The accident was not so serious as at one time it was believed to be; but it is to be feared that many persons will suffer from the consequences for a long time to come."

A CHILD SOLD BY HIS FATHER.—A man named Joseph Shutt, of Colne, attended Burnley market, and on returning to the railway station he called at the house of a person named Shuttleworth, where he saw an infant from six to eight months old. Shutt at once asked the father what he would take for the child, and upon his replying that he would take 2s. 6d., placed 3s. on the table, when Shuttleworth returned 6d. Shutt took the child in his arms, and was proceeding with it to the railway station to take it home, when Shuttleworth appears to have experienced severe qualms of conscience, and hastened after him, and after a wordy combat, got his child back and returned the half-crown. Shutt, who keeps a tap at Colne, said he had no children, and intended adopting the child.

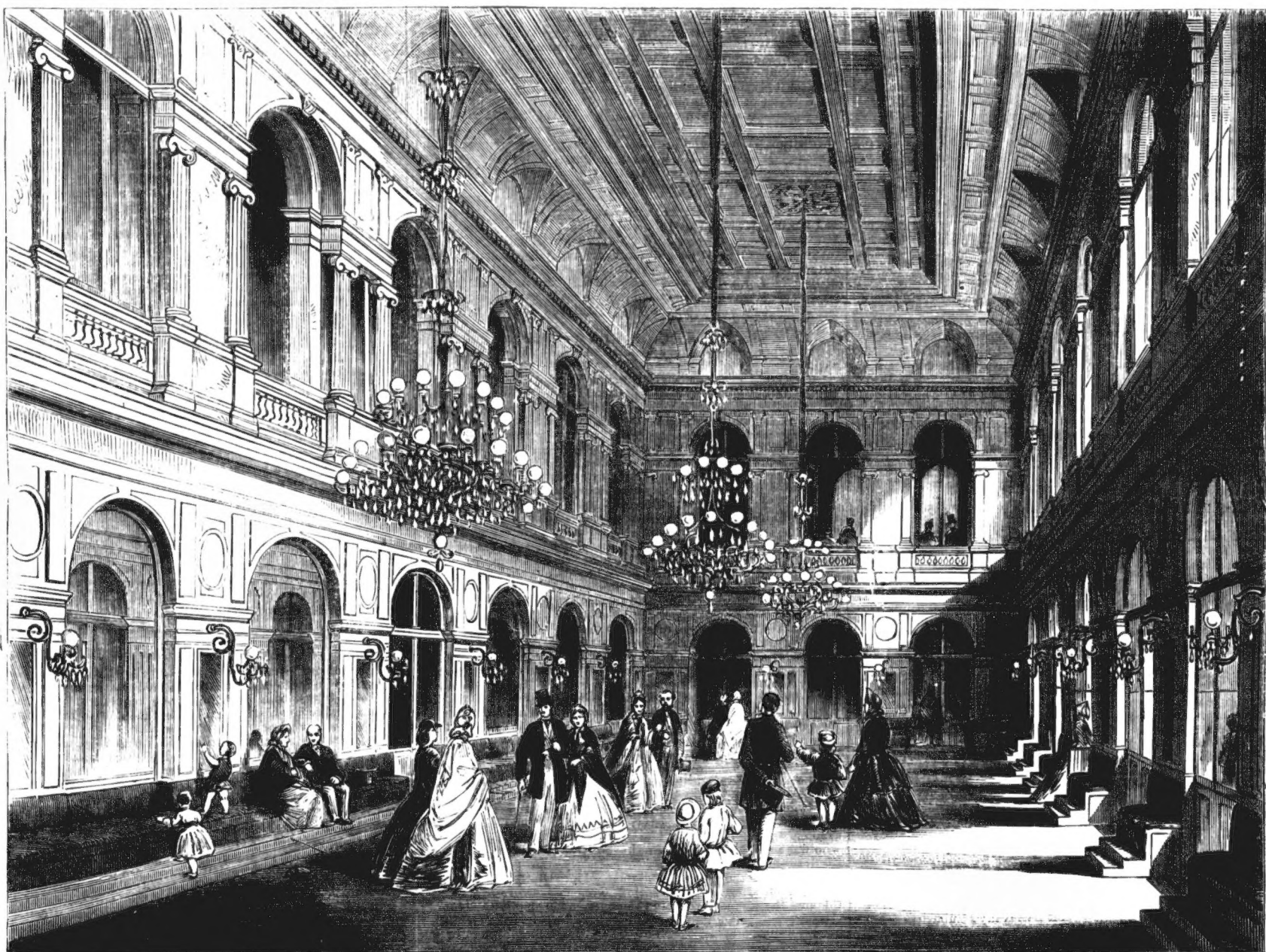
A FOOD AND LUXURY WITHOUT A FAULT.—No parent or invalid should fail to buy Maizena. It was reported by the jury of the late Exhibition as "Exceedingly Excellent for food," and obtained the two prize medals, being the sole awards gained by any article of its kind. Maizena is highly recommended by our first physicians as the best, lightest, most palatable, and most nutritious food for invalids and children, and prepared according to the directions given, it may be made into the most delicious cakes, custards, puddings, blanc manges, and other exquisite dishes effecting a wonderful saving in eggs, isinglass, &c.—[Advertisement.]



CIDO BUILDING CARTIAGE—AFTER J. M. W. TURNER'S PICTURE. (See page 138.)



SUMMER TOURS—THE NEW GRAND BATHING ESTABLISHMENT AT BOULOGNE.



INTERIOR OF THE NEW BATHING ESTABLISHMENT AT BOULOGNE.

Cheatricals, Music, etc.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—The season terminated on Saturday night with "Faust." To this opera Mr. Mapleson is very largely indebted. M. Gounod's work may not be great or new, but it has answered the purposes of the director of Her Majesty's Theatre in all probability far better than one of more decided power and originality. The representations of "Faust" absorbed nearly a third of the entire season, and proved more successful than any opera produced since "Puritani." We are far from thinking as highly of M. Gounod's talents as others; but it would be madness to deny rare merit to "Faust," the rare merit of possessing some really good music, and involving a dramatic power hardly inferior to Meyerbeer or Verdi. Why M. Gounod should have failed in many operas and succeeded in one only is a question too abstruse upon which just now to offer speculation. The success of "Faust" may puzzle many, but what is still more puzzling is its vast superiority to what was written before and after. Does chance rule in composition, as in other things, and can any composer not a master, by whatever combination of circumstances, write a good work? M. Gounod is the author of several works, but until the production of "Faust" he had been absolutely unrecognised, except by some immediate friends, who always declared that one day he would make himself known. "Faust," indeed, in one way, proved an inestimable boon to the Italian Operas. It created an excitement when it was most wanted, and gave a new vitality to an almost expiring entertainment. On the other hand, it made the managers bethink their prospectuses—no great matter, by the way, as long as gratification was supplied. What though the "Forza del Destino" of Signor Verdi and the "Stradella" of M. Flotow were mentioned as novelties, and "Linda di Chamouni" and "Fidelio" given out as revivals at Her Majesty's Theatre, did not the success of "Faust" make amends for all omissions? Henceforward, taught particularly by the last season, the public will not be willing to place implicit trust in the pledges of managers, and managers themselves will not be over anxious to swear by their own intentions. That both Mr. Gye and Mr. Mapleson intended to bring out Signor Verdi's last opera and M. Flotow's "Stradella" this season we have not a doubt; but neither anticipated the immense success of "Faust."

DRURY LANE is announced to open for the season on Saturday, September 12th, when a new comedy, by Mr. Falconer, and entitled, "Nature's Above Art," a romance of the nursery, will be the first novelty. The Christmas annual, which has already engaged the attention of the management, will have the advantage of Mr. William Beverley's assistance, that gentleman being secured as principal scenic artist to the establishment.

The **PRINCESS'S** dramatic season will probably not commence before Christmas.

LYCEUM.—The brilliant and prolonged season at this theatre was brought to a close on Saturday, when "The Duke's Motto" was performed for the 174th time.

The **OLYMPIC** and the **STRAND** retain their bills unchanged, each pursuing a successful career, with the drama of the "Ticket-of-Leave Man" at the former, and the travesty of "The Duke's Motto" at the latter.

The **SURRY** has had transferred to its boards the drama of "Vidocq," the French Jonathan Wild, to which has been added the American piece called "The Life of a Fireman," presenting Mr. David H. Jones and Mr. Asa Cushman in the principal characters. As an interlude, Mr. John Newton (of Dublin and Liverpool) has been introduced in a slight farce called "A Last Resource."

The **CITY OF LONDON** has produced an interesting drama, by Mr. John Courtney, called "The Heart's Ordeal; or, The Lovers of Moss Dale;" and revived "The Three Thieves of Backsliders" as the afterpiece.

The **STANDARD** has prolonged the engagement of Mr. Henry Lorraine, who has been so successful in "The Duke's Signal;" and "Don Cesar de Bazan" has presented Mr. Edmund Phelps as the hero, with Miss Hudspeth (Mrs. Edmund Phelps) as Mariana.

The **MARYLEBONE**, the **BRITANNIA**, and the **GREYHOUND** have satisfactorily catered for their respective patrons, and their bills show continued evidence of managerial activity.

Another version of the now popular "Leonard" will shortly be produced at the **MARYLEBONE**, under the title of "The Repentant; or, a Ticket-of-Leave Man."

It is generally rumoured in theatrical circles that Mr. James Anderson, the tragedian, has joined Mr. Shepherd in the leaseholdship of the **SURRY**.

The **VICTORIA** continues the run of Mr. Hazlewood's version of the drama of "Leonard," under the title of "The Detective; or, A Ticket-of-Leave;" followed up by the domestic drama of "The Shadow on the Hearth."

Mr. Townsend's drama of "The Iron Clasp" is in active preparation at the **QUEEN'S**.

A new drama is in rehearsal at the **VICTORIA**, which will be entitled "The Heir of Ellangowan." The piece has its foundation in Sir Walter Scott's novel of "Guy Mannering," and Mr. Bolton, the author, has adhered more closely to the hero's real life than we find in the case in the old opera of that name. There will be every opportunity afforded for scenic display, and this department has been entrusted to those well-known artists Messrs. Fenton and Hicks.

MR. ALFRED MELLON'S CONCERTS.—The interregnum between the close of the opera season and the commencement of the autumn and winter musical performances will be pleasantly filled up by Mr. Mellon's promenade concerts, the first of which took place on Monday night in the Royal Italian Opera House. The large area of Covent-garden Theatre is formed into one level platform, including the stage and the space formerly appropriated to pit and stalls—the orchestra being erected in the centre. The band, consisting of nearly a hundred performers, selected from the orchestras of the Royal Italian Opera and the Musical Society, includes most of our finest solo instrumentalists; and under the spirited and steady conductorship of Mr. Mellon, the performances are all that could be wished. The orchestral pieces were varied by the vocal performances of Mdlle. Carlotta Patti, who sang three or four of those songs which she has been singing everywhere for the last three months, and which were received with as loud demonstrations of applause as greeted the first exhibitions of this artist's very brilliant vocalisation.

Mr. Sothorn, who has been performing at the Princess's Theatre, Leeds, is so indisposed that it will probably be some weeks before he can resume his assumption of Lord Dundreary.

Sporting.

BETTING AT TATTERSALL'S.

WOLVERHAMPTON STAKES.—5 to 2 agst Mr. S. Thellusson's Jack of Hearts (t); 6 to 1 agst Count Batthyany's suburban (t).
ST. LEON.—4 to 1 agst Mr. S. Vill's The Ranger (off); 19 to 2) 11 to 2 agst Mr. T. Valentine's Queen Bertha (t); 7 to 1 agst Lord Stamford's Aveger (t); 7 to 1 agst Lord St. Vincent's Lord Clifden (t and off); 100 to 6 agst Mr. 1 Anson's Borealis (t).
DERBY.—2,000 to 25 agst Lord Derby's Forager (t).

General News.

An English lady of seventy, resident at Nice, has, according to the journals of that place, just been the victim of a deplorable accident. The only company she has in the house is a servant and two dogs, whom she keeps for fear of robbers. She wears a set of false teeth, and her appearance is so altered when she by chance goes without them that the dogs do not know her. Accidentally descending one morning lately into the court yard of the house without her teeth, the dogs flew at her, and bit her cruelly, and she was only rescued by some neighbours who fortunately were passing at the time, and heard her cries. The wounds are numerous, but luckily not severe.

Mrs. THORNTON has been appointed by the Queen instructress in the art of sculpture to the young princesses.

CRINOLINE, now and then, makes some amends for the disasters it has caused. This occurred at one of the Paris theatres last week, where, upon the stage, a trap-door was left open, through which a favourite actress would have been precipitated had not the abundant size of her crinoline filled up the vacancy and suspended her fair frame between the world above and the realms below until succour came.

A **MONUMENT** to Captain Cook, the great navigator, is about to be erected in the Sandwich Islands.

A **LETTER** from Vichy gives the following anecdote of the Emperor Napoleon:—"As his Majesty was taking one of his usual walks, a group of peasants, who were crowding round to get a good view, were ordered to stand back, by an officer of the Imperial suite. In reply to this injunction, an old peasant said, 'Oh, sir, you see him every day, whenever you please; but we come half a day's journey every other year to admire him. Be just, sir, and let us see him at our ease.' The Emperor, who was conversing with Prince Murat at the time, heard every word of the old man's request, and turning to him, to kiss his hand, and said, 'Why do not you come every year, my friend?' 'Oh, Monsieur l'Empereur, every one takes his turn. Last year my wife and son came; this year it is my daughter and myself!'"

A terrible catastrophe (says *Gazzetta*) occurred last week at Peraza, a small village near Malaga. Four carts, each laden with fifty quintals of gunpowder, for the works of the Malaga railway, had just passed through the village, when suddenly a loud explosion took place, the four vehicles having blown up. Eleven persons—men, women, and children—and twenty-two horses lost their lives. A shepherd, who was keeping his flock at a short distance from the spot, was also killed, and nearly the whole of his sheep. The cause of the explosion is not known.

COLONEL CORRAO, a Garibaldi man, has been shot dead in Sicily, his native country. He fell a victim to the vengeance of one of his neighbours, with whom he was in litigation. Colonel Corrao was a man of considerable courage and daring, had acted with much discretion in the Sicilian revolution, and had served under the orders of Garibaldi. He had passed from the southern or volunteer army into the regular service; but when Garibaldi raised the cry of "Rome or death!" he resigned, so as to follow the fortunes of his chief. Aspromonte put an end to the movement, and Corrao, who had been arrested, was set at liberty, and from that time he has lived in retirement, attending to his own affairs.

A **RESPIRE** during Her Majesty's pleasure has been granted to Agnes Pattison, who was convicted at the late Westmoreland assizes of the murder of her infant. The capital sentence passed upon the convict will be commuted to penal servitude for life, upon the recommendation of Mr. Justice Mellor, before whom she was tried.

VISCOUNT AND VISCOUNTESS PALMERSTON have left Cambridge House for Walmer Castle, Kent, for the autumn.

The Archduke Ferdinand William Joseph, to whom the imperial crown of Mexico has been offered, was born on the 6th of July, 1832, so that he is now thirty-one years of age. He is a brother of the Emperor of Austria and son of the Archduke Francis Charles Joseph. He is a vice-admiral, a member of the admiralty council, commandant of the Austrian navy, proprietor of the 8th regiment of Austrian Lancers, and head of the 3rd Prussian regiment of the Neumark Dragoons. He married, on the 27th of July, 1857, the daughter of the King of the Belgians. The Archduke Maximilian was governor-general of the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom until 1859.

A **NOVEL SCHEME OF BENEVOLENCE**—The Rev. Thomas Jackson, M.A., Prebendary of St. Paul's, and rector of Stoke Newington, is the promoter of an addition to the many benevolent schemes with which the metropolis abounds. It is announced that at an early date a prize show of coatermorgers' donkeys will be held, with a view to the encouragement of humane owners among the poor, and the well-being of that useful and too often misused animal.

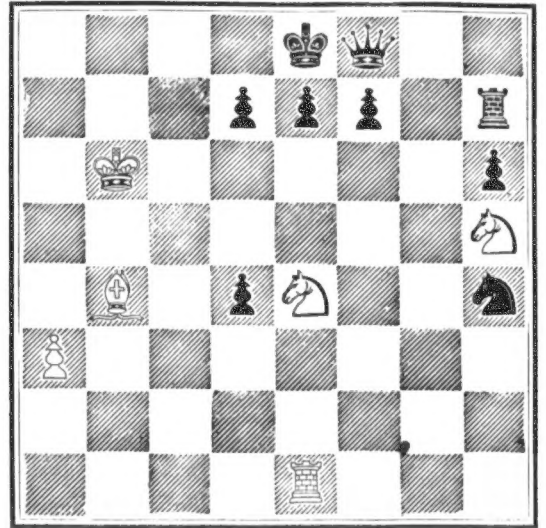
When a young friend applied to Dr. Arnold for guidance in his early reading, he advised a constant use of the biography of good men.

SHOCKING DEATH OF A GIRL FROM VITRIOL.—On Monday an inquiry was held by Mr. John Humphreys, the Middlesex coroner, at the Lamb and Flag Tavern, Homerton, respecting the death of Sarah Anne Crutchlaw, aged five years, who lost her life in the following manner:—Mrs. Amelia Crutchlaw, wife of a biscuit-baker, residing at No. 1, Victoria-street, Homerton, said that while she was behind the counter the deceased rushed into the shop surrounded by a number of other children, and screamed out, "Oh, mother!" Her lips were as white as chalk, and she had a ginger beer bottle in her hands. The deceased said she had drunk the dregs of ginger beer. Witness then knew she had swallowed some vitriol that was kept in the bottle for cleaning jars. A doctor was sent for, who prescribed for the deceased, but she died in great suffering. The bottle was not labelled, but had been lying on a shelf for the last three months. The Coroner having remarked upon the extreme danger of leaving such corrosive fluids about where children could get access to them, the jury returned a verdict "That the deceased was poisoned by drinking vitriol, she not being aware at the time of the nature of the liquid."

FATAL GUN ACCIDENT.—A very melancholy accident occurred on Monday afternoon on the Tweed, at Yarrow Haugh, opposite Berwick plantation. Gunner Cox, of Her Majesty's gunboat Lively, with a crew of two men and a boy, left the gunboat about one o'clock on Monday afternoon in the cutter to convey a party of ladies to a picnic up the Tweed. There was a loaded musket at the bottom of the boat. When above the border bridge one of the men saw a number of birds, upon which the gun was capped. On reaching Yarrow Haugh the party landed, and were seated some distance from the boat, when the gun lay in the boat's bottom, the muzzle extending a few inches over the gunwale. One of the crew, Thomas O'Brien Liddle, was engaged in the after sheets of the cutter, getting the things ashore, while Thomas Gregory, who was out of but close to the boat, asked Liddle if he should take the gun ashore. Liddle twice told him to let the gun remain. The boy, who was a short distance from the boat, saw Gregory reach his hand to the gun, and almost immediately the piece went off. Gregory fell to the ground, and only said, "Oh, Tom, I'm shot!" Liddle jumped ashore, and seeing Gregory's hand bleeding, and thinking the wound in the hand the only one, bound it up. Gunner Cox arrived instantly, and, finding blood issuing from Gregory's chest, tore open his clothes and discovered a large wound in his breast. Gregory died in less than two minutes after the occurrence, and his body was conveyed back to the gunboat. On Thursday afternoon Gregory's remains were interred in Tweedmouth Cemetery. —*Berwick Advertiser.*

Chess.

PROBLEM No. 128.—By W. G. Black.



White.
White to play, and mate in four moves.

For the amusement of our readers, we extract the following from the *Philadelphia Evening Bulletin*, describing the progress of a game of chess:—

(EVAN'S GAMBIT.)

White. Mr. Reichelm. Black. Mr. Elson.

Pawn to King's fourth, the White assailant cries.
Pawn to King's fourth, as boldly Black replies:
King's Knight to Bishop's third sustains the attack,
Queen's Knight to Bishop's third supporting Black;
Bishop to Bishop's fourth alike they play,
And for an Evan's Gambit clear away.
White's Pawn to Queen's Kt's fourth is forward thrown,
"he challenge Black accepts, and takes the Pawn;
Pawn to Queen's Bishop's third compelling Black
To Bishop's fourth to call his Bishop back.
Pawn to Queen's fourth, and Pawn takes Pawn are played,
White Castles, and the opening moves are made.
The sable warrior must his time improve,
Pawn to Queen's third is now his only move;
When White proceeds to take the advancing Pawn.
To Queen's Knight's third the Bishop is withdrawn.
But now shall each the equal game pursue,
While we, unbiased, the encounter view.
When all the field they carefully survey,
Pawn to Queen's fifth is the decided play.
The sable chieftain, close assailed by White,
To his King's second square retreats the Knight.
White to King's fifth does now his Pawn advance,
Queen's Knight to King's Knight's third is Black's defence
To his Knight's second White's Queen's Bishop plied,
To King's Knight's fifth does Black's Queen's Bishop stride,
Pawn captures Pawn.—King's Knight to Bishop's third,
Rook to King's square, and White's first "check" is heard,
The Bishop's square awhile the monarch shields;
Queen's Pawn takes Pawn and to Black's Bishop yields;
Queen's Knight to Bishop's third deploys the White,
And Black at King's Rook's fifth now plants a Knight.
Queen's Knight to his fifth square provokes the fray,
The fierce Black Bishop bars one Knight away;
But in his turn is by the Knight's Pawn slain.
The dark Queen enters now the chequered plain,
And at her second square impatient turns,
That White's King's Bishop to his square returns.
Now eager trembles all the troubled air—
Black's frowning Rook runs to the monarch's square,
To Queen's Rook's third the checking Bishop flies,
The King to Knight's square for protection flies;
Rook takes Rook, "check"—the dusky chieftain quakes,
But Black's bold Knight the attacking Castle takes.
The White Queen at King's second leads the fight,
Black's Pawn to Queen's Kt's third assaults her Knight. (a)
Rook to King's square may justly Black perplex,
Who with his Knight takes Bishop's Pawn, and checks.
The Knight a captive falls before the Queen,
White's Knight a victim to the Pawn is seen,
Rook to King's seventh is quite decisive now,
And Black's brave warriors to the victor bow.
So may our country's dark assassins fall,
And Peace and Right o'er all the land prevail. (b)

(a) "Black's Pawn to Queen's Kt's third assaults the Knight!"
Nay, nay, we surely have not heard aright?
Pawn to your King's Rook's fourth might leave a chance,
But now you'll have to lead a pretty dance.
(b) And Yankee notions find a ready sale!

DIDO BUILDING CARTHAGE.

Dido building Carthage, or the rise of the Carthaginian empire, represented in page 136, was considered by Turner one of his two best works, both of which were bequeathed by him to the National Gallery on condition that they should be hung between two Claudes now placed by their sides.

The engraving represents a river scene with the sun in the centre of the picture; a bridge in front, and piles of classic architecture, completed and in progress, on either side. In the background there are high banks and rocks. Dido, Queen of Carthage, is seen surrounded by her people on the left.

A HINT TO THE SEDENTARY.—Sp-aking, reading aloud, and singing are useful kinds of exercise; and it is supposed that this is at least one cause of the greater longevity of clergymen, public speakers, teachers in universities, and schoolmasters; and Dr. Andrew pensantly observes, that one reason why women require less bodily exercise than men is, that they are in general more loquacious. Hence, those sedentary artificers, who, from habit, almost always sing at their work unintentionally contribute much to the preservation of health.

THE pigeon is never eaten by a Russian, who would hold it a sin to harm an animal, in whose form the Holy Ghost is said to have manifested itself. Pigeons are bought, therefore, only as pets.—*Kohl's Russia.*

POLICE COURTS.
BOW STREET.

CLERKENWELL.

MARLBOROUGH-STREET.

MARYLEBONE.

WORSHIP STREET.

SOUTHWARK

LAMBETH

HAMMERSMITH.

A FORGIVING WIFE.—Mark Huxley was examined on a charge of committing a violent and brutal assault upon his wife. The prosecutrix is a very hard-working woman, and manages to keep the home from the proceeds of a fish-stall near Kensington Church. She accused her husband with being a great drunkard, and with brutality to herself. She had frequently applied to the court for protection, and she had forgiven him six or seven times. On Sunday she provided an excellent dinner, consisting of a boiled fowl, a leg of pork, &c.; but that did not please him, for he commenced quarrelling and using very abusive language. He afterwards knocked her about, tore her clothes, and threw some out of the window. In the evening she went to bed on the sofa. He returned home wearing and again tore her night-gown. He pulled her off the sofa and threw her jug of water over her. He also threatened to take her life. He gave her a black eye a week ago. Mr. Ingham remanded him at his request to enable him to call witnesses. The wife now entered the witness-box, and expressed a wish to give the prisoner another trial, and asked him worship to bind him over in his own recognizance to keep the peace. Mr. Ingham: If you take my advice you will let him go to prison for six months, and then perhaps he will be cured of his drinking habits. The wife: My husband is very sorry, and says he will be a teetotaler. Mr. Ingham: I think you will repent it. He must find two sureties. The wife (supplicatingly): Don't do that, there's a dear soul! I'll be bail. (Laughter.) Mr. Ingham: Oh, no. He must find two sureties in £20 each. He will be committed for three months if he does not find them. The prisoner was locked up in default; but before the court was closed, Mr. Ingham accepted his brother's surety in £40 for his future good behaviour, and he went away in the company of his wife, who appeared to be the better pleased of the party.

TOM TAYLOR, ESQ.

We have this week the pleasure of presenting to our readers a portrait of Tom Taylor, Esq. (after a photograph by Mayall), one of the most popular "men of the day," in a wide sense of the term—a gentleman of high literary attainments—a true "worker," who has fairly achieved reputation and emolument—one who, in his private capacity, has gained the esteem of a large circle of friends; and who in the discharge of his duties as a public functionary, a post where, by the way, there is work to be really done, has been appreciated for the combined ability and zeal which in this case mark the "right man to be," by accident, perhaps, "in the right place."

His popularity as a dramatic author renders him a sort of public property, and the following outline of his antecedents may interest our readers. He was born at Sunderland, Durham, in the year 1817, educated at the "Grange School," one of the first public schools in the "North Country," and spent the sessions of 1831-2, and of 1835-6, at college in Glasgow, where his studies and proficiency awarded him the honours of three gold medals. He afterwards matriculated at Cambridge, where he became a fellow of Trinity College, and subsequently for the space of two years held the honourable and important office of Professor of English Literature at the London University College. He was next called to the bar (Inner Temple), and from 1845 to 1850 was a "working barrister" on the Northern Circuit; and it must be pretty evident to the reader that a tuition so arduous and close, where the mental faculties are so variously exercised, must have communicated to him much of that variety of thought, force of expression, and constructiveness indispensable to the dramatist who depends rather upon his own resources than on the adventitious pickings and rakings which have become the (very) common property—the *spolia* (not) *opima* of our stock play wrights.

For the last thirteen years he has been assistant secretary, and finally, secretary to the Board of Health, at a handsome salary, which, let us trust, he may live long to enjoy. He is still, however, as hard a worker as ever at his favourite studies, and while during the day he is occupied with his official duties, he does not neglect his older avocations as an essentially literary man, during his hours of leisure; for we learn that in the early morning, and in the later evening, he is to be found in his library and at his desk.

His dramatic career commenced with a comic farce, "A Trip to Kinsingen," and this occurring during the management of the Keeleys at the Lyceum, was followed by a series of remarkably successful burlesques, partly unassisted, and partly in collaboration with Mr. Albert Smith and Mr. Charles Kenny.

About this period also occurred his still more admirable contributions to the comic and dramatic stage during Farren's management of the Strand and Olympic theatres. "Prince Dorris," "Diogenes and his Lantern," and the "Vicar of Wakefield,"—and how gratefully does the memory refresh itself with the *Mrs. Primrose* of that genial and consummate actress the late Mrs. Glover,—are expositions of the class of writings mentioned; to which may be added a number of pieces in farce and comedy, performed at the Lyceum and at the Princess, when Messrs. Kean and Keeley were joint lessees of the latter.

Then came the period of higher aspirations, perhaps, at all events, an era, when success was made secondary to a fine reputation. Beginning with the exquisite comedy of "Masks and Faces," which is so truly touching; and others, in conjunction with Mr. Charles Reade, to the time when he stood really alone; and "Plot and Passion," led him through a series of wonderful triumphs at the Olympic and Haymarket down to the present period, when his "Ticket of Leave" is undergoing a series of representations, his career has been commensurate with his talents, and these have obtained the willing and hearty plaudits and the ungrudging suffrage of all.

Apart from the morality of the farce, or the *pièce de circonstance*, there is a deeper, far graver undercurrent of thought to be found in his more important dramas than the spirit which seeks to amuse at the expense of meaning, and without seeking for what is not to be found beyond certain illustrations of humanity, that to equal credit to his feeling and his judgment. There is an absence of that cynical view of life, that cold-blooded elevation of what is ignoble and base—however artistically this may be wrought—above that which is honest and good, even if it be so simple as to verge on stupidity—and the contrast of the ludicrous, the grotesque, or the purely comic, with the more level, or even the higher delineation of the human character, forms, by consequence, a code of far finer ethics than optimism or pessimism in their degrees, whether blended or extreme, can offer for our gratification in the whole range of the modern drama.

He claims a merit—which we can easily surrender to him—that of a considerable amount of originality. With the candour of common sense (not to "put too fine a point upon it") he has himself indicated the sources whence he has borrowed any of his materials, and invariably made mention of the same in his printed pieces. There is some originality—at least room for it—in the treatment and rendering of a subject which shall, in a new form and garb, produce exactly the same result, consequence and catastrophe, as in the original source itself, while an inferior version, which is a mere *para phrase*, shall exhibit only a servile genius of copying (and not for adaptation) which renders the flimsy disguise from the pretended "new and original comedy" at once, leaving the skeleton naked and bare to resolve itself without difficulty into the pilfered property of the *vaudeville* or *auteur dramatique*, from whom it may have been originally stolen. Tom Taylor manages this in a superior way, and has a proprietary interest in the splendid theft.

Dramatist, essayist, quarterly reviewer, *litterateur* in ordinary, *Punch* contributor, and the rest of it to infinity, he has shown that he is not an inferior art-critic in the pages of "Haydon's Life," and in the same mournfully-attractive book he has flung a charm around biography, proving this to be one of multifarious fine gifts confirming the literary honours that have been awarded him, and showing that the literature which amuses through the medium of the stage must have far higher sources than are to be obtained from any inspiration from the Porte St. Martin, the Aubigne, or the Opéra Comique.

Searded like the pard and spectacled to boot, here is the "vers. offies" of the man who has afforded and is still able to afford, rational entertainment and amusement to thousands.

THE SMITH FAMILY.—A curious ceremony took place in Bloomsbury last week—a marriage in which the bride and bridegroom, the bridesmaids and best man, the officiating minister, clerk, and registrar, all rejoiced in the name of Smith.

THE THEATRES IN HOLY WEEK.

A DEPUTATION from the English Church Union recently waited upon his grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, on the subject of the opening of her Majesty's theatres—that is, theatres to which licenses are granted by the Lord Chamberlain—in the Holy Week. The Hon. Colin Lindsay, President of the English Church Union, said that he and the members of the deputation had waited upon his grace to present a memorial, which bore 1,500 signatures, including those of fifteen bishops, eight deans, fifteen archdeacons, a great number of beneficed clergy, peers, and members of the House of Commons. It was as follows:—"To his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury,—We, the undersigned members of the Church of England, approach your grace with all the respect due to your office, and beg to represent to you the strong feeling entertained by us with respect to the opening of theatres in Holy (or Passion) Week. Your grace is well aware that until within the last twenty-six years it was the custom to close the theatres on the Wednesdays and Fridays in Lent, as well as during the last week in Lent. This rule having been relaxed, the year before last the present Lord Chamberlain made a further relaxation, and allowed the theatres to be opened during Holy (or Passion) Week, for the first time during the Lent of 1862. A very influential deputation waited upon his lordship to remonstrate with him upon the proposed desecration of that most holy season. He replied that it was then too late to insert the prohibition clauses in the licenses which had been issued to the managers of the theatres. In the ensuing autumn, therefore,—i.e. of 1862, it was arranged that another deputation, to be introduced by the Duke of Marlborough, should wait upon the Lord Chamberlain before the granting of the new licenses. His lordship's health was in too delicate a state to receive the deputation; but a memorial very influentially and numerously signed, including the names of your Grace, twelve bishops and other dignitaries of the Church, and also several members of

pay the most respectful attention to the memorial, and will communicate with the Lord Chamberlain on the subject. Beyond that I will not say anything, but I have the matter very much at heart, and I will do all I can to prevent the recurrence of that of which you complain. I will give my best attention to the matter during the year." The deputation thanked his Grace for the courtesy of his reception and withdrew.

A NEW DRAMATIC "SENSATION."

A PARIS letter has the following:—

"A very suspicious puff of a great event about to come off in the theatrical world" is launched by *Bulwer's Correspondence*, and will no doubt go the round of the newspapers. The statement is that a lady in the highest ranks of European aristocracy, the daughter of Count Aprasme, granddaughter of Count Tatischeff, formerly Russian ambassador at Vienna, adopted daughter of Prince Esterhazy, and wife of Count Batthyany, has resolved to go upon the stage. She is to make her first appearance at the little pupils' theatre in the Rue de la Tour d'Auvergne, and then will play in the 'Misanthrope' and 'Phedre' at the Theatre Français. Now, the theatre in the Rue de la Tour d'Auvergne is a place where anybody may make an experiment by paying a few francs; whereas it requires exceptional talent, long standing renown, and (generally speaking) strong ministerial influence in addition, to obtain an engagement at the Theatre Français. How it happens that this lady, if, as the puff pretends, she has ability and interest sufficient to be already retained for the top step of the ladder, should choose to make her *debut* at the very bottom, is a mystery to which all my knowledge of Paris affords no clue. It is euphemistically stated that the countess is impelled to tread the boards not only by her tastes but by the fact that she is ruined in consequence of a judgment of a divorce court which has separated her from her husband. She has already played in foreign countries, but under another name. This fact, showing that she does not need an apprenticeship, only makes it the more extraordinary that a catechumen of the Theatre Français should desire to make her first acquaintance with a French audience among the kept mistresses, unlucky school-girls, and failures of the Conservatoire, who form the staple of the corps dramatique in the Rue de la d'Auvergne."

THE MONTH OF JULY IN THE ROMAN CAMPAGNA.

JULY, in Italy, is the month of bread: August is the month of wine. In July is the harvest: in August the vintage is gathered. The reapers in the Roman Campagna come from the neighbouring provinces. They leave their native places for a season, and carry with them all their family. They have tents with them, which they set up every evening, and in these they pass the night. One would suppose that they were herds of Arabs or of gipsies. They are hired for a very moderate sum, out of which they nevertheless contrive to save something. When the harvest is finished they go home with their little treasures.

The Roman Campagna is not an uncultivated desert, as is usually said and supposed: a great part of it produces corn. But it is uninhabited and uninhabitable. On the Sundays the priests say mass to the reapers in a kind of ambulant churches, drawn by oxen, and provided with all the objects necessary for the celebration of this mystery. A mass thus celebrated is a touching and picturesque spectacle. These robust men in their shirt sleeves, and in nether garments by no means exuberant; those women in satin gowns, which form their Sunday dress, as they likewise formed their bridal dress; those children of every age from such as sleep on the bosom of their mother or in the cradle, upward; those huntsmen who with their dogs sometimes join the pious assembly; that priest officiating in a chapel of wood suspended on a two-wheeled cart; further away those tents resting on two poles; those horses which feed so tranquilly; those oxen still yoked, about soon to carry the little wandering church; those beautiful blue hills which serve as a crown to this verdant and golden plain; that burning sun which pours torrents of light and of fire over all nature; that profound silence scarcely interrupted by the words of the priest, by the prayers of the crowd, the neighings of horses, or the humming of the insects; all this forms a whole alike physically and morally interesting.

This scene has been admirably rendered by Mr. Peory Williams, an English painter who for thirty years has been a resident at Rome, and who has devoted his pencil to the representation of Italian manners. Mr. Williams is a true painter and a true poet; his pictures charm at the same time the mind and the eyes. The composition is always ingenious and the colouring always brilliant and harmonious.

When the harvest is finished the thrashing is proceeded with, which is called *La Trilla*. For this purpose a thrashing floor is prepared, on which the sheaves are spread. Then half-a-dozen horses are tied together and driven over the sheaves till all the grain has fallen. Then the straw is raked together; stacks are formed therewith, and the grain is assembled into large heaps, on which crosses are planted. This curious custom M. Poingdestre has taken as the subject of a picture, which has been bought by a Russian prince.

During this season the patricians inhabit their villas, their earthly paradises, shaded by magnificent oaks, and refreshed by the abundant waters of fountains and cascades. We may suppose that they read Horace and Lamartine, Virgil and Byron; that they intensely enjoy the beauties of that land so antique and yet always so young, and that they surround themselves with men of merit and mind. We may suppose this, but we can only suppose it.

MR. LINCOLN'S BODY GUARD.—It is lamentably true that the President has fallen into the habit of riding about Washington under an armed escort of cavalry. His carriage is constantly preceded and followed by a force of horsemen large enough to attract attention even in a military European capital, and much larger than the average body guard of a commanding general actually in the field. Of course the object of this escort is not pom., but personal safety, and the President may possibly consider himself to be in the field when in Washington. He certainly did so when he ordered General McDowell's corps back from the army of McClellan; and if General Meade, by any occurrences of accidents, had suffered a repulse in Maryland, his excellency would no doubt have found himself very decidedly "in the field" very shortly afterwards. But cavalry men in such a case would do him no good. His real defence against the Confederates is their keen sense of the damage his administration does to us.—*New York World*.



TOM TAYLOR, ESQ.



LORD PENTON'S REPENTANCE.

Literature

SWEETHEART NAN;

OR, THE PEASANT GENTLEMAN'S DARLING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADY ELFRIDA'S POWER"

CHAPTER XVIII.

A SLEEPLESS HOUSE.

THE extremely vigorous nature of Dorton's exclamation naturally caused those present to start in some alarm. What did he mean? What portended those few fierce and agonized words, "My God, is this truth, or am I going mad?"

The panic that followed the utterance of those words broke through the barriers which were setting all those people apart from each other. They crowded about Sweetheart Nan, naturally supposing the words referred to her, and for a few short moments they forgot the fierce war of beliefs which were separating them from each other.

As for Dorton, he looked as a man who has been suddenly bereft of sense—as though all the intelligence had been quickly swept from his face leaving in its place a kind of horrible blank stupidity.

Who can tell what is said during the few moments which swiftly follow such a scene as that where an unknown horror seizes upon several people? The individual from whom I, in a great measure, obtain the facts and chains of occurrences whereby I make out this tale, has told me often that it would be quite impossible to give a correct statement of what took place, but that the little remembered has ever been vividly fixed upon the mind.

Dorton, after ejaculating those few words, remained stupidly staring before him, apparently unaware that the eyes of his brother, Ellen Villiers, and Squire Lemmings were eagerly fixed upon his unsu-ming face.

Lemmings was the first to speak.

"Say a good word, lad—do ye say a good word?" he urged, in a low, quick voice, and as he took the soft little wrist and hand, after the raising of which Dorton had exclaimed as he had.

"Gilbert, what ails you, man?" asked Pomeroy, shaking his brother by the arm.

"Yes—yes; what did I say?" asked Dorton, trying to collect his senses.

"Eh, never mind what thee said. How be my dear Nan? See, her eyes be opening. Her be in no danger?"

"Danger!" said Dorton, bitterly. "Miss Lemmings is in no danger. She recognises you, sir," he continued, as Sweetheart Nan held out her hands to her father.

"Nanny, dear, you are better now, are you not?" asked Nelly, leaning over the second young lady's chair.

"Oh, yes," Nanny said, struggling to become herself; "I'm pretty right again. Great shame to have given you all this turn; but I'm not quite the thing. How did it happen? Thank you, papa, and there's a kiss in return. Let me see, what upset me? Ha, I remember; Nelly said suddenly she was going to leave us. Am I not right?"

"Yes," said Ellen Villiers, with some hesitation; "but I will stay a day or so more before I start, if you like, Annie."

As she spoke, she looked towards Dorton, half fearing that he would keep his promise, and denounce her—half hoping that he would be merciful, and spare her.

To her great surprise, Dorton's pale face became spread with a smile, which was not good to look upon, as he said, "Miss Lemmings could not have a more worthy companion than Miss Villiers, and it is to be hoped they will not desert one another."

"Thou art better now—thou art near well, lass," Lemmings continued, to his daughter; "and thee had better get to bed as fast as thee can; and Nelly will stay and take care of thee. There, say good-night; and I give thee leave to kiss Sir Edgar Pomeroy, Bart."

These words were simple and plain enough, considering that they came from Squire Lemmings; but their effect upon Dorton was singularly powerful.

As his brother came modestly forward in obedience to Lemmings's words, he started actually forward as though he were going to pre-

vent his brother's action. But then he stopped himself, and the next instant Edgar stooped and kissed Sweetheart Nan purely on the forehead.

The brother Gilbert smiled quite disdainfully, my informant tells me, at this pure embrace.

"Good night," said Nan. "I shall sit at the window for a while, and then I shall be all right. It was very stupid to go shocking you all in that absurd manner—it was so sentimental! But there, you must take me as you find me."

The Squire saw his daughter to the door of the drawing-room, and there he kissed her; and then he watched Nan leaning on Nelly's arm, move across the hall, and followed by Kezia, who, it would appear, was the young woman on duty for the time being.

"I was boot a faint!" said Lemmings, returning to his seat. But by this time Edgar had taken some kind of alarm at Gilbert's gloominess, and therefore neither brother answered his host's self-assuring words.

Lemmings did not notice the change of awkwardness which had come over his guests.

"Lads, will thee have a pipe and a cold glass here, now the women-kind be gone to bed?"

"If you like, sir," said Edgar, ready to obey Nan's father, whatever might be his little want. "What do you say, Gilbert?"

"No, Squire," he replied to Lemmings, when the question had been repeated; "I think I'll turn in—I'm not the thing, and I've a deal to say to Edgar here; so if you will, Squire, we'll have up the flat candlesticks."

Squire Lemmings looked sharply at Gilbert, but not suspiciously. Then his face went slightly pale, and he said, lowly, "There don't be aught matter wi' t' lass Nan?"

"No—Miss Lemmings is in no danger."

"But why did thee speak as thee did when Nan fainted?"

"—I feared she was in danger."

"Then what made thee change thy mind?"

Dorton hesitated for a moment, and then he replied, "Nay, Squire, you want to be too well informed. If I tell you all a doctor's secrets, you will know as much as I do."

"Nay, lad, I want not to pry thy secrets. Thee tell me Nan is safe. 'Tis quite enoof for I. Nan's safe, beart's she?"

"Yes; she had no disease that a doctor need fear."

"So, good!" said the Squire. "Hey, lads, now art the difficulty be over, what a happy family we'll be!" Here he laughed like a boy, and continued, "Ah know women—they dinnot faint after marriage, Sir Edgar Pomeroy, Bart. Art the county shall roight down envy us; and we'll be happy as day is long."

"Happy!" said Dorton, under his breath. "Most happy—very happy!"

His face has been described as frank, manly, and open; but as he spoke low, as though to his conscience, his countenance was cruel, harsh, and unpitiful.

"Well, if thee'll not have that cold glass, ah mind me, perchances ye would both loike to turn in likewise. Shall ah ring for candles?"

"Yes," said Dorton.

"I'm main glad," the Squire continued, "ye agreed to sleep onder my roof; for now ye seem o' the family; and ye are o' the family, or next door to it. And, may be, ye'll be up wi' the sun, an' let fly at birds. Partridges be rather wide apart here at Oaklands; for ah am Christian enoof not to like keepers. What say the lads? Shall ah call thee with the sun; and will ye let fly at partridges, if ye can find soom?"

"Thank you, Squire," said Dorton. "My brother and I have some business together, which will take us some time; so the partridges will have to wait."

"Eh! Them'll do that wi'out sorrow," Hemmings replied, lightly; but there was a pained expression on his face. Blunt and plain himself, his common, clear sense told him that Dorton was not blunt and plain with him. Lemmings felt some kind of change had taken place in the naval surgeon. In what that mutation consisted he was quite unable to decide. However, he took no notice of the coldness which he could but feel, and ringing the bell, one of the canaries entered, and looked down superciliously on the three men. He took his orders about bed-room candles, as dunkeys only can accept commands. The canary appeared to have a pain somewhere, and a sense of injury all over him.

"Good night, lads," said the Squire; "ah'll be waiting for ye in morning. Good night."

The young men wished him "Good night," in return; but there was a difference in those two specimens of the half-blessing which we all pronounce, provided we are not human bears, before we drop off to our nightly sleep. The baronet said blithely enough, "Good night." But Dorton said, "Good night, Mr. Lemmings," in a style which would certainly have justified the Squire in calling him back, and asking him what the devil he meant by it.

However, the Squire did nothing of the kind. Upon him was the odour of that love for Nan which was now stretching out towards the brothers, and he stood straining after them in a manner which we will leave to the exaggerated description of the individual canary who had looked down disgustedly upon the scene. Reaching the servants' hall, where the sense of wrong in this, that the characters had been longer than usual over dinner, was still upon the gentlemen in Lemmings' service, this individual gave it as his opinion, that the "hold 'un had a been a starin' after them beggars like hanny hold woman!"

The Squire, however, could not follow the brothers to the outside corridor—the two rooms which had been prepared for them. Arrived there, Dorton said, "Edgar, come into my room. I want to speak to you."

The younger brother followed the elder, and closed the door upon them.

Then Gilbert Dorton turned, and all need for deception being past, his face wore its true necessary expression of horror as he stood before his brother.

"Gil, what ails you?"

"Edgar Pomeroy, by Jove, you may look upon me as a kind of preserver."

"What from?"

"Something worse than death."

"And what on earth is that?"

"An unfit wife."

"Do you refer to Nan?"

"By Jove, yes—you mustn't marry her."

"Why, what the devil do you mean?"

"I say, Pomeroy, a marriage between you and this woman is quite out of the question."

"But why?"

"Can't you believe me without an explanation?"

"Ought I?"

"Yes, I've done my best for you always. Do you suppose I am going all wrong now?"

"No, but why not speak out?"

"Because I—I'm afraid to, and that is the candid truth."

"Look here, Gil; we've been playing at fast and loose with this good little girl's heart for some days, weeks, and I won't have any more of it, Gil. I love her downright, and unless I can find a good reason for doing as you want me, I'll be hanged if I do. Surely a fellow can speak to another, who is his brother. What's the row?"

"I tell you, Pomeroy, I don't care to tell you."

"And I say, Dorton, you ought. I like Nan from the very bottom of my soul."

"Does she care for you from the bottom of her soul?" Pomeroy hesitated, and the next moment Nan's candid words weighed upon him. She had told him that she did not love him, but that she felt sure in time she should do so. What should he do? Confess this admission on Sweetheart Nan's part to his brother? Why should he? Gilbert was not candid with him. Why, then, should he expose, even to a brother, however good, that sacred conversation which is made up of the few words in which a man and woman agree to become one?

Pomeroy hesitated; and it was only when his brother had repeated the question that he replied, "She has agreed to be my wife, and that's enough. To throw her off would prove me a cad, and that I hope I'm not."

"Do you mean to say nothing should stop this affair?"

"Nothing of which I am ignorant, brother Gil."

"But if I tell you that I hide the truth from you for your sake?"

"Then I reply you had better not conceal it for your own."

"By Jove! Pomeroy, that smacks something of a threat."

"I can't help it, if it does. Gil, you've put me on my mettle. Tell me what you mean, or leave matters as they stand?"

"I will not leave matters where they are, brother Edgar; and—I can't tell you the truth. Look here, Eddy. Can't you understand that a doctor may have his reasons which he can't explain?"

"No, I can't understand anything so mysterious. We live every-day life, and need not mystify it. What is the row? Either tell me, or don't interfere between me and Nan!"

Look here, Eddy! I've always been a good brother to you—haven't I?"

"God knows you have, Gil!"

"Didn't I push on this match as much as I could?"

"Yes. I don't deny it."

"And I can tell you that when I put my money to Lemmings's, it was not so light a matter as I made it appear."

This statement instantly moved the younger brother. Taking the elder's hand, he said, "Well, whatever happens, we shall never quarrel."

"No; that we never shall, I know. But look here! If I did so much to help on the match when I thought all was right, surely, you'll give a fellow credit for fair sailing now I am trying to break off the marriage?"

"It's no use, Gil! I won't play fast and loose with an honest woman. I've asked to marry her. She has accepted me; and unless I hear a very good reason for showing the white feather, why marry her I must!"

"You will know the reason?" said the elder brother, in a broken-down voice.

"I must, Brother Gil."

"Then—then I'll think over it. Go now. Wait till to-morrow; and shake hands, Eddy. Don't let's part ill friends."

Dorton saw his brother, almost homely, to the door, and then closing his own, he flung himself down upon the bed, dressed as he was.

No sleep for either of the brothers that night.

No sleep for Ellen Villiers, fearing the morrow, and dreading the meaning of Dorton's words. "Miss Lemmings could not have a more worthy companion than Miss Villiers."

No sleep for Squire Lemmings, worrying and tossing in his bed, and wearying himself with the incessant question, "What ails my Nanny?"

Only Sweetheart Nan slept calmly and sweetly; only she, about whom the brothers, her father, and her friend were thinking with greater or less anxiety slept serenely—"a smile upon her face," says one of my informants, and the especial one in this matter. The informant in question was Ellen Villiers, who, it appears, crept into Nanny's room, and saw that smile by the pure light of the moon.

CHAP. ER XIX.

NEAR THE SECRET.

It is to be feared that the almost invisible entanglement of this story prevents the reader from following its necessary obscurities. Were it to the purpose to act in such a way, I could elucidate this tale in but as few words as it takes to fill one of the lines of this publication. But this I will not do—not for the sake of creating a series of sensation scenes, but simply because I want you to accept the facts of this narrative in the same spirit in which they were successively accepted by the actors in it—that you accept them with the same inexplicable surroundings, and the same obscurities. All I further ask is, that you will be ready to yield some belief in this statement as a true one. If you withhold me this partial faith—if you say, "This writer, whether man or woman, is lying—such things as he or she states are quite impossible,"—then I fear you will not take that interest in the reading of the tale which I find in its telling.

We now come to the morning following the almost quarrel between the two brothers; and, hurrying over a few words with regard to the actions of my chief personages, I must set out in its proper place an incident, which, though it may appear to have very little bearing on the action of the narrative, has infinitely more to do with it than the reader at this stage of my work may at present accord it to.

On that morning Dorton was absent from the breakfast-table. He sent down word by his brother that he was not ill, but not sufficiently well to put in an appearance.

Lemmings's first impulse was to go up to Dorton's room, but he repressed it, and pulled a chair to the breakfast-table.

The meal was not a success. Much tea and coffee were drank,—for, Nan apart, they were feverish—but the food was almost untouched.

"Annie, will you ride after breakfast?" asked the baronet.

"Yes. Where shall go?"

"Through the woods, if you like."

"As you will. Some more coffee?"

So, when the meal was ended, Dorton saw Edgar and Nan ride away in the direction of the woods, and not followed by a groom.

Then he saw Lemmings, his eyes fixed on the ground, go across the home-field, with a spade slung across his left shoulder.

"What should he do?" Dorton asked himself. He had told his brother, when Edgar came in early in the morning, that he did not care about talking then, and Pomeroy had left the room, saying, "By and by."

What should he do? He was as determined as ever that the marriage should be broken off; of this he had no doubt whatever. His great hesitation (as he himself has said) was by what means, short of the unconquerable one, he could achieve his point.

Half-an-hour, an hour, an hour-and-a-half; all this time he had turned the means at his disposal over in his mind, and they had all failed. Only the one blank necessity remained—to use the implacable weapon he would fain have left in its sheath.

All this time he had sat in the same chair near the window—his body stooped, and his face haggard, his hands resting nervously on his knees.

At last, looking from the window, his sight was, as it were, struck by something he saw there.

This was Lord Penton, on horseback, and approaching the house.

Why did he start? He knew Lord Penton to be the enemy of him and his; but in what way could he be associated with this calamity which was grasping at his heart—the calamity which stood between Edgar and him, and which he could only crush by wounding that brother?

In the beginning of this chapter I have said that it had become necessary to set out an incident which would apparently have no bearing upon the action of this narrative. That incident is an interview between Lord Penton and Ellen Villiers.

But before proceeding to that interview, let me once more, and in a few words, recapitulate the events of this narrative, in which Lord Penton had been interested. The lord's bet with Dorton, as to the mounting and riding of Jet, led to the chances of such a catastrophe as could not be passed over in silence by any high-spirited men. Edgar Pomeroy had been the first of the brothers to resent this outrage, and had so far effected his purpose, that he and Penton had arrived at a determination to be the principals in a duel. This intention being learnt by Dorton, it will be remembered that Dorton exerted himself to anticipate that duel by engaging himself to fight with Lord Penton at once. It will be remembered that Dorton really succeeded in that endeavour, and that Penton was wounded in the pistol-arm.

But it is necessary also to bear in mind other facts in connexion with this meeting.

It must not be forgotten that Dorton had, months previously, been in chance attendance, as a doctor, upon the late Lady Penton, and that, being lodged in the rooms occupied previously by Ellen Villiers, he had, by a series of chances, found posted up with his luggage a letter, which induced him to believe that Ellen was nothing more than Penton's mistress.

It must also surely be remembered that upon Dorton meeting Ellen at the time of the mad visit to Oaklands, on the occasion of

its sale to Lemmings, he showed her that slighting disrespect which was, in its way, a kind of chivalry to all honest women. Depend upon it, the man who treats a bad woman with as much respect as a pure, has little reverence for the latter.

It will be recollected that the dignity with which Ellen accepted his advances shook his belief in her fallen state, till it was confirmed by two facts which resulted out of his bet with Lord Penton (made to irritate the latter), that he would deprive the nobleman of his last mistress within twenty-four hours—"she who loved him best, because she knew him least." The first of these facts was the appointment she gave him (Dorton) to see her on the following morning. The second, the exhibition by Lord Penton of a letter from Ellen to the latter, agreeing to see him that night, at eleven, and, therefore, many hours before she promised to see Dorton.

It lives in our memory that Penton thereupon claimed the bet.

Now, adding that black as this evidence appears against Ellen Villiers, the light of a little time will clear the shadow from her, we have but to indicate three points. One, that previous to the earlier hour mentioned—eleven—the duel between Lord Penton and Dorton was concluded. This is proved by point two—the statement of Boley (Solomon's help), that, after the rush of the house-hold to the spot whence the pistol-reports had proceeded, he, going to the other side of the house, heard the tower-bell strike eleven. The third point to remember is this:—that Lord Penton was wounded, and therefore, previously to the hour of his appointment (whatever its object, which here I must not stay to state) with Ellen Villiers.

I will now proceed to the interview between the nobleman and Miss Villiers.

She started when she saw his card; then, with the forgiveness of a woman, she agreed to see him.

He came into her presence fitly for him. His head was stooped, and he did not dare look her in the face.

"You are, doubtless surprised to see me, Ellen?"

"Yes, I am, Lord Penton."

"All I ask you is to hear me. I think if you will do so that we shall part better friends than we met."

"I am listening, my lord."

"You know, Ellen, I have wasted my mother's fortune?"

"I know it."

"And also that of my aunt, my mother's sister?"

"I have heard so."

"But you do not know that the more I spent the heavier was my remorse—the noisier the hour, the more deeply I thought of you!"

"And perhaps you came to ask me to look over all? Well, I have pardoned you long since; but as to forgetting,—a woman, I should say, rarely forgets such a wrong as the taking away of her honour by a falsehood. If you came to ask me to look over that falsehood, I tell you I am sorry you ever uttered it."

"No, that's not all. I am not such a wretch as to be sorry for others only when I am in trouble myself. If I look you in the face once more, it is because I would try and repair what can never be wholly mended. I am richer than ever, for the only man who stood between me and a marquise is dead. This new fortune I will not waste."

"So much the better," Miss Villiers gravely replied. "I congratulate you; but I do not understand what your fortune or you have in common with me, that you speak of either in this place."

"Hear me out. Ashamed of my past, I want to be satisfied with my future; so I came to admit, Ellen, that I did you a shameful wrong!"

"A shameful wrong!" she replied, bitterly.

"A cowardly wrong, which is worse!" he continued.

"You refer to your infamous bet with Dr. Dorton?"

"I committed a wrong," he said, as though avoiding Ellen's question, "which can only be mended in some measure by an open reparation."

"Reparation?" she echoed, in a stupid tone.

"I tell you I am once more rich—be rich also. If I have done wrong, it has been more from thoughtlessness and vanity than sheer downright blackguardism. Ellen, take my fortune, and with it, if you will, my name, and myself."

"Your wife—I—your wife?" she cried.

"Ellen, it is no reparation I offer—no glazer on a crime I propose; but I ask you to accept me, and I ask you on my knees, because I love you—because I love you dearly."

"George!" she said, lowly. "George!"

No more words. Have I not said silence is often the highest eloquence. "George! George!" and as he kneels before her she inclines her head to his, and smoothes his hair. You see she is a true woman—she forgives.

And then there is a quick, fierce clatter of a horse's hoofs near the door, and this wakes them to the ordinary life about them.

Penton looked through a window, and exclaimed, "Sir Edgar Pomeroy, Ellen—pale, and he can hardly dismount! By heavens, the man has caught him, and now he is running up the steps!"

With a vague sense of dread, Ellen ran to the door and opened it.

She had barely done so than the baronet passed, without taking the least notice of her.

She followed him, her heart beating for the sake of Annie. With a true woman's instinct she knew in that agitation Annie was interested.

"Sir Edgar!" she said, eagerly; but he took no notice of her.

When he reached the corridor outside his and his brother's bedrooms, and which in that straggling ill-arranged house was on the same floor as the great drawing-room itself, he did not know in his agitation which door was his brother's, and which his own.

By this time, Ellen had stayed the pursuit; but she could not avoid hearing the words which he uttered almost before he had entered his brother's room.

"Gil!—Gil! dear old boy! I know now why you didn't want me to marry her."

"Had she told him?" Ellen asked herself.

They had been out riding together. Had she spoken?

(To be continued in our next.)

A CRUISE IN THE WARRIOR.

[Abridged from the Scotsman.]

A LITTLE after noon, on Tuesday, a large and fashionable party left the west pier of Leith on board the trim gunboat, *Trinculo*, which steamed out towards the fleet, and brought up under the lee of the *Warrior*. A little before two the whole party was on board; and soon after the anchor was weighed, the engines were turned ahead, and the *Warrior* moved majestically down the Firth, amid cheers from the war-vessels she passed, and from the many tugs plying busily through the fleet, and especially clustering round the *Black Prince*—with double eagerness that there was on Monday no general admittance on board the *Warrior*.

The party, which might number about 150, a large proportion being ladies, dispersed throughout the ship in all directions save upwards, to watch the various operations connected with the start. The heaving of the anchor was, of course the main interest. The steady and well-timed tramp of the men marching aft with the tackle when walking the ship up to her anchor was very impressive. A more especial source of interest was the manning and working of the great capstan on the main deck, where 200 or more stalwart fellows—A.B.'s, idlers, marine artillerymen, and marines—pressed lustily upon the capstan bars to the music of band, the while with clack and clang the slimy chain cable crept along and round, and again along, and vanished down an iron-lipped chasm into the Cimmerian gloom of the table-locker. Black and oozy the cable crept in, and with a long and unrelenting sweep, the men pressed manfully on the capstan bars, till at length the shrill pipe of the boatswain forward proclaimed that the toil was over, and the cable was secured with the clip, and the capstan was unmanned. Yet the toil for many was not over, but only transferred to the upper deck. The anchor was weighed, but the cable was only slipped, and the anchor was yet at some considerable depth. The tackles on deck were soon manned, and by steady hauling the huge beam of the anchor rose at last to the cathead out of the green water, black, dripping, and muddied. There was much shouting, piping, and clambering of fearless blue-jackets on the perilous-looking platforms and footholds without; and in another minute the great flukes of the anchor were lifted astern and secured, and before a motion was perceptible at the bow the anchor was a-trip, and the *Warrior* was a full mile from her moorings, sweeping under easy steam past the north side of Leith.

The *Warrior's* course was shaped towards a point between the Island of May and the Bass Rock, thence backward past the Bass, and on a course of S.W. by S. towards the anchorage she had left. It must be said, however, that few on board save the officers on duty knew or cared whether the ship was steering, or how long she was to be out on her cruise. The attractions of the quarter-deck were manifold and potent to the gay and lightsome many, and not the less so to the inquiring and exploring few were those of the wonderful regions below. The opportunity, which so rarely presents itself, of observing and inspecting the internal working of a great iron-clad under steam, was eagerly seized by some on board. On deck vibration was scarcely perceptible. At the bow only the dash of the waves on the ship's side told that she was moving. Astern, the revolution of the screw-shaft and screw was distinctly felt, but not at all so as to be unpleasant. Even in the engine-room, on the iron platforms immediately above the massive cranks, revolving rapidly with alternate motion, the vibration was very slight.

But the main interest of the cruise was concentrated on the upper deck. Over the whole of the quarter-deck, reaching as far forward as the funnels, an awning was stretched. The larboard side of the quarter-deck abaft of the bridge was cleared of guns and tackle, and screened off by bunting and light sail from the starboard side, which was set apart as the promenade and dancing-ground. Within the light and gaily coloured walls of this apartment was laid a most substantial and handsome luncheon—provided by Captain the Hon. Arthur A. Cochrane, of the *Warrior*—of which all the party, including a number of officers from the other ships of the fleet, partook with the greatest heartiness and satisfaction. Among the officers on board were Captains Wainwright, of the *Black Prince*; Campbell, of the *Royal Oak*; Cham elayne, of the *Resistance*; Lambert, of the *Liverpool*; and Schomberg, of the *Edinburgh*. Commander the Hon. Lord Elphinstone was also among the party on board. The company were served by the officers' servants, stewards, and a number of boys in the most handy and waiter-like fashion; while without, and in somewhat too close proximity, the ship's band played a number of more or less favourite airs. Luncheon over, dancing began on the quarter-deck without; and waltz, quadrille, and galop followed each other in quick succession, continuing so long as the band continued to play, and even during debarkation, as long as one or two couples could be mustered out of those waiting for the boat that was to re-convey them on board the *Trinculo*. The officers of the *Warrior* and those from the other vessels who were on board, seemed not only thoroughly to enjoy the dancing, but positively to inspire their fair partners with a perseverance and fortitude which, at the impulse of a cold-laced cuff, made them proof against all fatigues. Across the deck forward was drawn a canvass screen waist high; and behind this the crew was clustered in scores and hundreds on the deck, on the gun-carriages, launches, bulwarks, shrouds, and every stand-point or foothold which enabled them to witness and enjoy the gay scene abaft. The sight from the after-bridge was most novel and impressive. Below and astern a gay company sat against the bulwarks and amidships, or promenaded outside the lines of the dancers. In the centre some two dozen couples at a time whirled gracefully to the music of the band; and beyond, the dark blue uniforms and honest cheerful brown faces of the seamen were backed by the white bulwarks, by a wilderness of cordage, and by the bright sky, along which gracefully trailed long wreaths of silver cloud. Nothing could surpass the gaiety of the scene, the courtesy of the entertainers, the pleasure and interest of the guests, who were all safely lauded at Leith about seven o'clock; and the cruise of the *Warrior* will not soon be forgotten either by those whose voyages are so often made in so much less pleasant surroundings, or by those to whom voyaging at all is rare, and with such singular conditions of enjoyment as were yesterday so happily combined.

A UNION WITHOUT A DOCTOR.—The election of a medical officer of the Seafish Union, Ireland, has been going on for about two months. The candidates are Dr. Burke, of Killybegs, and Dr. Sampson. On each occasion of voting the number of votes for the one have been exactly equalled by the votes of the other.

THE PRINCE OF WALES AMONG THE FACTORIES AT HALIFAX.—A pleasing incident occurred at Messrs. Crossley's manufactory, Dean Clough Mills. As the Prince entered no more notice was taken of him than of any other individual. The girls drove their trade, and fixed their threads, most unconcernedly, but from end to end of the room a song was heard, passed from machine to machine, and spreading around the machinery—heard everywhere—perceptibly coming from nowhere. It was Brinley Richards's song, "God bless the Prince of Wales." The effect of this subdued but perfect harmony amidst all the bustle and life of the busy scene was extremely touching and highly relished by the Prince and his companions.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.—Dr. H. James, the retired physician, continues to mail, free of charge to all who desire it, the copy of the prescription by which his daughter was restored to perfect health from confirmed consumption, after having been given up by her physicians and despaired of by her father. Sent free to all on receipt of one stamp. Address, O. P. Brown, Secretary, No. 4, King-street, Covent-garden, London.—[Advertisement.]

RULES FOR SOCIETY.—Lead when you know; when you don't follow.

HINTS TO THE NEWLY MARRIED.—In commencing your matrimonial career, start with a determination that no ordinary circumstances shall induce you to spend more than two-thirds of your available income. A long resolved upon this, most rigidly adhere thereto. This is the first element of success, if accompanied with industry and perseverance. Pay all your household expenses, at any rate in the time they arise. Take no credit upon such items of expenditure; if you can adopt the same plan in your business, you are on the high road to fortune. Let no foolish pride, no ridiculous example, no superficial advice, make you incur expenses in furnishing your house which your present means will not warrant. Your attention must also be especially directed to the propriety of limiting your circle of friends to such a compass as to such a class as will not interfere with your business, or tempt you into expenses; these are rocks upon which the happiness of hundreds has been wrecked. Arise to have a servant or servants is another question of no mean importance. Each servant, upon an average, will cost from thirty to forty pounds per annum; besides the waste the breakage, and the destruction through unnecessary roughness. Spend your evenings at home.

COLONEL M'MURDO ON VOLUNTEER DISCIPLINE.

On Saturday, Colonel M'Murdo inspected the St. George's Rifles in Hyde-park, and at the close, in the course of a very complimentary speech, he remarked on the subject of volunteer discipline, in connexion with which he took occasion to refer to the recent accident at a volunteer review in Devonshire. He said:—

"I will tell you what happened in Haldon, in Devonshire, the day before yesterday. I saw nearly three thousand men of all arms march past me. As they were wheeling at the moment of marching past, the grand stand, on which were seated some two hundred of their dearest relatives and friends, gave way with a terrible crash. Those dear friends were, I myself thought, precipitated into eternity. Men of St. George's, what was the effect of discipline on those three thousand Devonshire volunteers who were then being inspected? At that awful moment not a man moved out of his rank. Although the hearts of those brave men must have sunk within them at the thought of some dear relative or friend being crushed to death, like good soldiers they kept their ranks, trusting their commanding officers would do all that was possible for the relief of those so dear to them. (Much applause.) They knew the best way of rendering assistance was by remaining firm, and being employed under the direction of the commanding officer. I ordered a couple of troops of cavalry to keep back the crowd from pressing on the sufferers. The other volunteers, knowing that everything was being done that human aid could effect, kept their ranks. (Cheers.) Not a sound was to be heard amongst them. (Great applause.) If one man had said, 'My wife is there,' or 'My daughter is there, I must go to see her,' what would have been the result? It would have been one mingled mass of confusion. I therefore say it is most creditable to the volunteers that, when tried under such painful circumstances as those, they showed the good effects of their discipline. (Hear, hear.) But there is another trial that may come by and by: I mean that time when the volunteers are brought in front of an enemy. It is almost like child's play now, compared with the realities of that time when you would be going into action. But a man in judiciously rearing his children teaches them so that they may be best prepared for the stern experiences of after-life. I tell you this: if ever you are brought in face of an enemy, and you see your dear friends falling around, and your heart prompts you to fall out of the ranks to help them don't do it. Never forsake your own post. Let the man lie where he falls. You must stand to the point in which you are placed, so that you may achieve the object for which you are there—victory for your glorious country. (Applause.) And when victory is secure it will enable those who are specially appointed to render the greatest service to those who have been wounded. Your gallant officers who have medals on their breasts—(cheers)—can bear me out in saying that it is too much the custom of men to fall to the rear by way of helping comrades. However desirous they may be to assist a wounded comrade, it exposes them to the suspicion that the service is *one* for the friend and *two* for themselves. (Hear, hear.)"

GREAT WINDSTORM IN PRUSSIA.—On the afternoon of the 14th instant, between four and five o'clock, a storm of wind, accompanied with a noise like thunder, burst on the village of Sieverich, in Rhenish Prussia. The storm was of unprecedented violence. It came from a westerly direction, and extended over a course of about 250 feet in width. Immense damage was done to the fruit-trees in the fields, and also to the forest of Marienburg. Men saved themselves and their animals with the greatest difficulty, but agricultural implements, fruit-waggons, and carts were completely destroyed. Fruit-trees were lifted so high in the air that they looked like a lot of black crows, and were afterwards found at a distance of more than two miles. One of the poor inhabitants, who had grown about a quarter of an acre of barley, was left without a single sheaf of it, for all was carried away by the storm. The tornado was quite as merciless in the forest of Marienburg, for here many oak-trees were uprooted, many others were broken in two while most were stripped of branches and foliage. The storm raged with similar force in the Euskirchen circle, and did considerable damage there.

MIRACULOUS ESCAPE.—On Thursday, being a holiday in Forres, a good number of the inhabitants took a pleasure trip by rail, and when the morning train going east was about a mile past the Alves Station a very extraordinary accident occurred. A child, about five years of age, son of Mr. James Findlay, Slater, Forres, was standing beside his parents in one of the carriages, and leaning against the carriage door, which, having been unsecured, opened, and the child fell out when the train was at full speed. The father could scarcely be restrained from jumping after his son. Crying was of no use, neither guard nor engine-driver was within hearing, and thus the train reached Elgin with the child left on the line. The train to the west was just ready to start, and the almost distracted father, making known the case, got on beside the engine-driver and went up towards Alves, the engine going slowly. When near the spot where the accident had happened no child was to be seen—the surface on the line had taken it up, astonished to find it alone. Dr. Mackay, of Elgin, accompanied by Mr. Findlay, Slater, of Elgin, uncle of the child, went to Alves, when, on examination, it was found that the apparent injuries sustained were a bruised arm and side, and slight scratches on the head, but blood was oozing from one of the ears. The child was brought to Elgin, and taken back to Forres in the evening in a condition not out of danger.—*Elgin Courier.*

FULL benefit of reduced duty obtained by purchasing Horniman's Pure Tea; very choice at 3s 4d & 4s 6d. "High Standard" at 4s 4d, (formerly 4s 8d), is the strongest and most delicious imported. Agents in every town supply it in packets.—*Advertisement.*

Varieties.

It may be said as truly of a knave as of an honest man, that his word is as good as his oath. LIFE is a dream of Time from which Death awakens us to the realities of eternity.

TAXATION.—Taxes on the necessities of life are a curse equal to the barrenness of the earth and the inclemency of the weather.

We have always some new lesson to learn, some new duty to perform, some new snare to avoid.

EVIL EFFECT OF VITIATED AIR.—It is known that a canary-bird, suspended near the top of a curtained bedstead in which people have slept, will generally, owing to the impurity of the air, be found dead in the morning; and small, close rooms in the habitations of the poor are sometimes as ill-ventilated as the curtained bedstead.

THERE is nothing so revolutionary, because there is nothing so unnatural and so convulsive to society, as the strain to keep things fixed, when all the world is by the very law of its creation, in a eternal progress—and the cause of all the evils in the world may be traced to that natural, but most deadly error of human indolence and corruption, that our business is to preserve and not to improve. It is the ruin of us all alike, individuals, schools, and nations.

"WHEN a man of sense," says Mrs. More, "comes to marry, it is a companion whom he wants, not merely a creature who can paint, and play, and dress, and dance. It is a being who can comfort and counsel him; one who can reason, and reflect, and feel, and judge, and act and discriminate; one who can assist him in his affairs, lighten his cares, soothe his sorrows, purify his joys, strengthen his principles, and educate his children."

HOW TO PREDICT THE WEATHER.—Many rules for predicting the characteristics of forthcoming seasons have from time to time been put forth. The following we have from an intelligent farmer, who has made the weather his study for twenty years past:—"Observe the wind," says he, "when the sun crosses the equinoctial line, about the 30th March or the 12th of September. If the prevailing wind be in an easterly direction, a dry season will follow; if in the west or south-west, the succeeding season will be distinguished by rain. I have remarked this for years, and by noting it have been enabled to predict the weather with an accuracy that has surprised many."

HEREDITARY TRANSMISSION OF MENTAL QUALITIES.—The moral character of the progeny depends in a general way (as does the physical character also) upon conditions of the parents. When, for instance, a people are oppressed, or kept in a state of slavery, they invariably contract habits of lying, for the purpose of deceiving and outwitting their superiors, falsehood being a refuge of the weak under difficulties. What is a habit in parents becomes an inherent quality in children. We are not, therefore, to be surprised when a traveller tells us that the black children in the West Indies appear to lie by instinct and never answer a white person truly, even in the simplest matter. Here we have secretiveness rooted in a people to a state of constant and exalted exercise; an over tendency of the nervous energy in that direction is the consequence, and a new organic condition is established.

FAMILY CONCERTS.—There is something in a family concert, even when the performers are only moderately skilled in music, which is peculiarly harmonious, owing to a kindred touch and feeling, and also, perhaps, to the habit of studying and playing together; and, if this be the case in merely instrumental pieces, how much more decidedly is it so in vocal music. Is there anything more striking than the similar tones which harmonise so divinely together of the voices of near relatives who sing in parts? They are like shades of the same colour, all differing, yet all agreeing—fading, mingling, contrasting, and blending in one harmonious whole. When listening to the concord of sweet sounds, thus poured forth from fraternal and filial song, it is difficult to conceive that a moral concord should not always continue to exist between the parties, and that the soft melody of sweetly attuned voices should not pervade the whole of their intercourse with each other. But, alas! relations are parted—sometimes cruelly parted—by the jealous or evil passions of others; absence produces estrangement—estrangement leads to forgetfulness, and all the sweet influences of natural affection are dispersed, and vanish like those dulcet sounds which die in their very birth. It is, however, some consolation to think that the ties of consanguinity cannot be broken by mortal hatred or mortal malice; they will, every now and then, make themselves to be felt, and the sound of a well-known voice, or the melody of an oft-sung air, will frequently bring back the tenderness of recollected love, after long years of cold neglect and apparent oblivion.

THE CURFEW OF OUR END.

HARK, listen to that knell,
Now sounding from you tower;
The tolling chapel bell,
Reminds us of death's hour.

Ah! does it not recall
The smiles of some lost friend?
Indeed, 'twill be to all,
The curfew of our end?

Does not that solemn sound
Remind of bygone years?
When many friends around
Have died, and shared our tears.

Friends lost—but not forgot,
Do all our fate portend;
'Twill be when death's our lot,
The curfew of our end!

But why should we lament
The loss of those we love?
For some good cause 'twas sent,
By Him who reigns above.

In heaven shall we meet
Each long departed friend;
With joy then let us greet
The curfew of our end!

Mist and Wisdom.

Why are the stars like wild young men? Because they continue out late at night.

"I SEEK no further reason for continuing my attachment to you, sir," as the toper said to his bottle, when he drained it to the last drop.

"METHINKS your kindness freezes," as the man said to the pump, one cold morning in January when he came to take his breakfast and found it frozen up.

TOM TREDDLEHOYLE, in a letter to a south country farmer, says, "Mun ye naw nowt abt agticultur consarns a yor country like wot we do, noa nor hoat, for we muk ar cloises here a York-sher we Johanna."

A DEVOTEE lamented to her confessor her love of gaming. "Ah, madam," replied the priest, "It is a grievous sin. In the first place, consider the loss of time."—"Yes," replied the fair penitent, "I have often begrudged the time that is lost in shuffling and dealing."

An Irishman speaking of the excellence of his telescope, said, "Do you see that wee speck on the hill yonder? That now is my old pig, though it is hardly to be seen, but when I look at him with my glass, it brings him so near that I can plainly hear him grunt."

"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"—In the official list of insolvents advertised in the last *Madras Gazette*, appears the following cognomen: Soonambo Calvayoyapuntel Moonpath Moodelly, an inhabitant of Madras. The occupation of this insolvent is not stated, but one thing is certain, he is "a man of letters."

DR. W. BAYLIS.—It is related of him, that when he was first introduced as physician to the late King of Prussia, to whom much had been said of his medical skill, the king observed to him, "That to have acquired so much experience, he must have killed necessarily a great many people." To which the doctor replied, "Not so many as your majesty."

A LIVERPOOL, last week, a passenger presented himself at the railway station so fat, that he could neither make his way into a first nor a second-class carriage; and it was found necessary to throw open the folding-door of the luggage van, and give him a seat in that vehicle, much to the amusement of every one present, himself included.

A VERY SINGULAR FACT.—A good lady who had two children sick with the measles, went to a friend for the best remedy. The friend had just received a note from a lady requiring the way to make pickles. In the confusion, the lady who inquired about the pickles received the remedy for the measles, while the anxious mother of the sick children read with horror the following:—"Scald them three or four times in very hot vinegar, and sprinkle them well with salt, and in a few days they will be cured."

A FRENCH BULL.—A Paris paper states that, in consequence of the scenes of disorder which have sometimes arisen at churches during midnight mass, that ceremony will this year be performed at eight o'clock in the morning. This reminds us of a change once made in the meetings of a provincial club in Ireland, which was thus announced:—"Notice is hereby given, that the quarterly meetings of this society will in future be held every six weeks, and not every two months, as formerly."

THE SCOTCH AND IRISH IN AMERICA.—Them 'ere fellows (the Scotch) cut their eye-teeth afore they ever set foot in this country, I expect. When they get a bawbee, they know what to do with it—that's a fact. They open their pouch and drop it in, and it's got a spring like a fox-trap—it holds fast to all it gets, like grim death to a dead nigger. They are proper skin-flints, you may depend. You can no more put a leak in them than you can read a chisel into teak-wood—it turns the edge of the tool the first drive. If the blue-noses knew the value of money as well as they do, they'd have more cash, and fewer clocks and tin reflectors, I reckon. Now, it's different with the Irish; they never carry a purse, for they never have a cent to put in it. They are always in love or in liquor, or else in a row; they are the merriest slaves I ever seed. Judge Beeler—I dare say you have heard tell of him—he's a funny fellow—he put a notice over his factory gate at Lowell, 'No cigars or Irishmen admitted within these walls; for,' said he, 'the one will only set a flame among my cottons, and the other among my gals. I won't have no such inflammable and dangerous things about me on no account.' When the British wanted our folks to join in the treaty to choke the wheels of the slave-trade, I recollect hearin' old John Adams say we had ought to honour them; 'for,' says he, 'they supply us with labour on easier terms, by shipping out the Irish.' Says he, 'they work better and work cheaper, and they don't live so long. The blacks, when they are fast work, hang on for ever, and a proper bill of expense they be; but hot weather and new rum rub out the poor-rates of other ones.'—*Sam Slick.*

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